

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

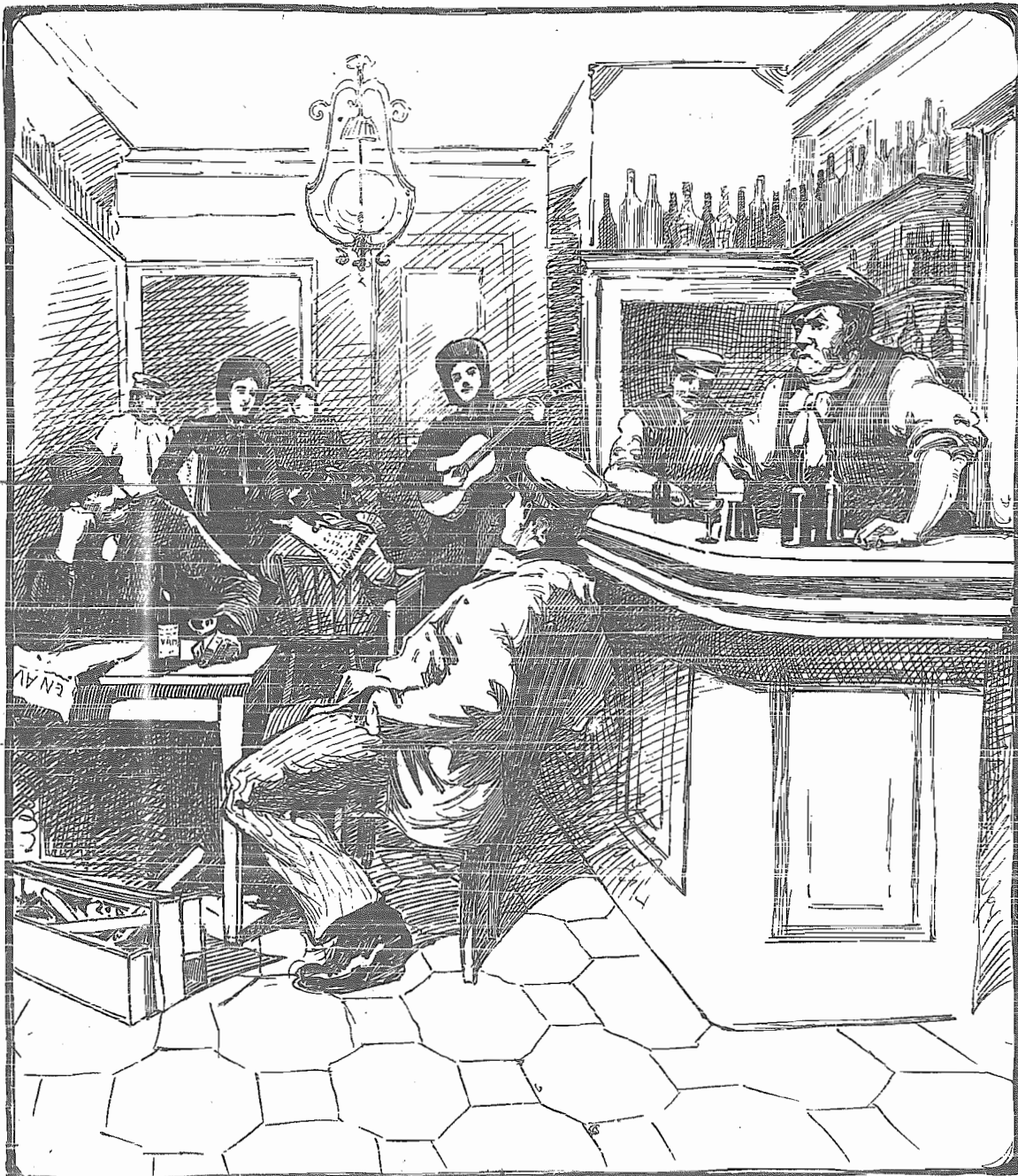
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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



"EN AVANT" SELLING IN A PARIS SALOON.

(See Article on page 3.)

"AWAKE, THOU THAT SLEEPEST."

(Eph. v. 14.)

"Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead."

Thus says the good Bible, we often have read. 'Tis God who is speaking, to all who will hear; To all who are sleeping in sin everywhere.

Awake, unsaved sinner, and see where you stand,

In imminent danger of God's mighty hand; He had spared you till now that you might repent.

And rise a new creature, to "spend and be spent."

O procrastinator, awake while you may, The "convenient season" is passing away, 'Twill shortly be ended, you cannot tell when If death finds you sleeping, O sinner, what then?

Awake, too, self-righteous, examine your heart, Good works will not save you, the sin must depart;

You must be converted, whatever the cost, Or, classed with the wicked, you'll surely be lost.

Awake, idle sleeper, God speaks to you, too, You say you love Jesus, but nothing will do. Awake to your duty, there's work to be done, There's room in God's vineyard, where souls may be won.

Awake now, O sleepers, for the hour draws nigh, When the loud trumpet sounds shall be heard in the sky, When all shall arise, both the small and the great; But remember, remember, 'twill then be too late.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead," Put on the whole armor and march right ahead, For God will supply you with courage and might, And make you victorious in leading the fight. P. N. Esnouf.

Saved Through the War Cry.

How the Christmas War Cry Pointed the Way of Life to a Western Man.

SAVED! Oh, how it makes our souls rejoice and our hearts sing, till the echoes reach the Great White Throne and the strain is caught up by the angelic choir, and until the heavenly arches ring.

Saved! Saved from sin, saved from death, saved from hell. Oh, glory to God! Saved for Jesus and heaven, saved by the "blood of the Lamb," and this glorious state brought to pass by reading the Christmas War Cry, which brought a ray of hope to light a sinner to Calvary's fount. Hallelujah!

Having received their allotted number of Christmas Crys, and Captain and Lieut. commenced to boom them right away, with great success. Having a little time one evening before meeting, they thought the best way to improve it was to sell Crys. So each taking a bundle of papers they made their way to some boarding-houses, and were successful in disposing of quite a number; in fact, all that they had taken with them.

It was in one of these houses that F. L., a young Englishman, bought a War Cry. He is one of the hundreds of young men who have left Old England's shores in the past year to seek their fortune in the Kootenay mining district, and especially in the coal mines at Fernie, B.C.

Being unconverted, and having a natural desire for pleasure, it was not long before the flash, glare, and music of our western bar-rooms, and the excitement of the card-table, attracted his attention. Instead of saving his hard-earned dollars, he would visit the dif-

ferent bar-rooms and gambling-dens in town, trying his "luck," and spending his money there.

A few nights after he had bought the Cry he was out as usual, drinking and gambling and having a "time." But somehow or other things did not go his way, so after spending quite a few dollars, and losing some more in gambling, he returned to his room thoroughly disgusted with things as they were. It was then that God saw His chance, and spoke to him through the War Cry in a way best told in the words of his own testimony.

On Christmas Eve, as the Captain was returning to the quarters from the Post Office, he heard someone calling him by name, and turning around he saw F. L. hurrying across the street towards him.

Good News.

"Oh, Captain," he said, "I have some good news to tell you, which I am sure will please you very much. Do you remember selling me a War Cry in the C— boarding-house the other night? Well, I found something in it I have been looking for for years—something that has changed my whole life. I have given up the beer and the gambling, and—well, the fact is, I have found Christ, I have been converted, and you don't know what a change it has made in me."

This was, of course, glorious news for the Captain, and his heart was lifted up in praise to God, and a "Bless the Lord" came to his lips, as he thought of the joy in heaven over one soul that repenteth. As it was late Saturday evening, the Captain, with a hearty handshake, a few words of counsel and advice, and an invitation to the meetings the next (Christmas) day, left him and hurried home to inform the Lieutenant of the good news.

Christmas morning dawned bright and clear, and with hearts rejoicing that we could praise the Lord for salvation, full, present, and free, we went forth to give battle to the powers of darkness, and to proclaim the glad tidings of great joy. We had held our usual open-air and had returned to the barracks to our indoor service, when, true to his promise, F. L., the new-born child of God; put in his appearance, and after the soldiers had told of the love of God, he rose to his feet, and the following is his testimony, as near as I can remember:

A Remarkable Testimony.

"Dear Friends and Brothers,—I believe I can call you brothers now. It is not very long since I found salvation, in fact, only a few days, yet I thank God He is with me to-day. I have been, like a great many more young men, going in for the so-called pleasures of the world, but a few nights ago I bought a Christmas War Cry from the Captain, which has been the means, in God's hands, of turning my steps from the path of sin into the path of truth and righteousness. At the time I did not care very much about the paper, and after glancing through it I took it to my room, where I laid it carelessly to one side, little thinking I should have any more use for it. A night or two after that I had been down town to a hotel, where I drank more than was good for me, besides losing quite a few dollars on the gambling tables. Getting tired of all this I returned to my room, and while preparing to retire, noticed the War Cry lying where I had left it. After getting into bed I picked it up, and while looking at its contents I saw the article entitled "The Reformation of Geo. Montgomery." This somewhat interested me and I commenced to read, but I had not read long before it brought to my mind the many failures in my past life, the many missteps I had taken, and the many times I had gone on when conscience had told me that I was doing wrong. I realized, as never before, that I was traveling the wrong path, and a longing for something different came over me. Then the battle commenced. Two forces seemed to be at work within me, one urging me to get out of bed and pray, and the other telling me to lay still. At last the better power proved the stronger, and getting out of bed I fell upon my knees, asking God, as best I knew, to forgive the past and help me to improve the future. I cannot say that I felt any change

at the time, only a satisfied feeling that for once I had done right. Getting into bed again I was soon in a sound sleep. When I awoke the next morning a strange peace seemed to possess me, and again came the prompting to pray. This time I did not hesitate, but falling upon my knees by my bedside I again asked for help to become a better man, and while there I recognized that the sweet peace that filled my soul was the peace of God. My past sins were forgiven, and I thank God that to-day I am saved and trust I shall continue so to the end."

Our convert is still proving the power of God to save and keep. On New Year's Day he was again with us, both on the march and the indoor meeting at night. In his testimony in the open-air he said:

"I did not at first intend to come out here, but some unseen power impelled me on, and I am glad that I came." And again at the indoor meeting: "I cannot say very much, but I've got it!"

Oh, how it thrilled the writer's soul, I might also add that F. L. was not in the habit of going to S. A. meetings before his conversion, which makes it more evident that God has spoken directly through the War Cry.—L. T. R.

WHAT THEY SAY.

"The Army is attempting very difficult work, and in no small degree succeeding. We look closely into its work from time to time, and find it not running in opposition to the older branches of the church, but specially aiming at the desolate areas of the field where other church agencies reach not, nor does the church bell come. General Booth's direction, based on the reading of the New Testament, is, 'Go for souls, and go for the worst.' And this it does. To do it, workers, of course, must be enlisted and led, and equally, of course, it will happen at times that men and women will find themselves fitting in better to the Army than to the church, and change regiments. But, on the other hand, the Army often passes over to the churches workers it has saved and trained."—Jamaica Times.

A TEST OF CHARACTER.

What is the greatest test of character? A crisis of suffering, a moment of important decision, a sudden call upon all the forces of the soul? Not at all. To know character thoroughly, it must be studied under the test of the common details of daily life. "No man is a hero to his valet" is a cynical old saying. But, in spite of it, some men have been heroes to those who lived in the closest daily relations with them, and, therefore, the truest of heroes. Sir Philip Sidney was as courteous to his servants as to his queen. To try a man's truthfulness, his nobility, his aims, a common-place day, full of ordinary duties, is the most searching and thorough of tests, after all.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to dust. But if we work on men's immortal minds, if we impress on them high principles, the just fear of God, and love for their fellow-men, we engraved on those tablets something which no time can efface, and which will brighten and brighten to eternity.—Daniel Webster.

PROVIDENCE'S WAYS.

"When fate wills that something should come to pass, she sends forth a million of little circumstances to clear and prepare the way." Thus wrote Thackeray in one of his admirable delineations of human nature; and, if we replace fate by providence, is it not wonderfully true? Is it not true, while free choice on the part of man is at the same time perfectly maintained?

OUR LATIN UNION.

The Army at Work in France, Belgium and Italy.



An interesting report of the work in these countries has just been published by Commissioner Cosandey.

It is packed with incidents of salvation warfare, and forms a truly inspiring story of progress and victory.

Mrs. Commissioner Cosandey was one of a group of English girls who pioneered the work in Paris in 1881, then known as Lieut. Johns.

She and her husband have fought under the Army's flag in Switzerland, South Africa, and Holland successfully, but for the past two years have been re-installed upon the old familiar battleground, and are full of praise and gratitude for the manifestation of the Spirit's working in all parts of their extended Territory.

The Commissioner himself was a young Swiss convert, trained for officership in the first Parisian Training Home, little dreaming that before him there was a glorious, God-appointed destiny of one day becoming the leader of the forces in France, Belgium, and Italy.

Under the present régime all Cadets from those three countries are brought to Paris, for six months' training course, prior to appointment as probationary officers.

The Fight in Paris.

In the slum quarter of La Villette there are some dear Salvation Army soldiers, who have held bravely on their way in the fighting ranks for upwards of twenty years.

This district is very crowded, as will be seen from the fact that in one single building adjoining our barracks, live three hundred persons in squalid misery. Numbers of them attend our meetings, and give rapt attention. The poverty all round is extreme, and ignorance in spiritual things is even more.

It will be, therefore, readily understood that an officer's duties and opportunities here are very great. They are often called "The Sisters," as they move in and out amongst the people, seeking to lift their burdens, add cheer to their dismal surroundings, and, above all, teach them of God, His great salvation, and their intense need of it.

A specially interesting feature of continental work is the café visitation, and Cry selling. Regularly, while one officer conducts the inside meeting, the other, accompanied by a soldier, spends the evening in visiting the cafés and saloons, selling the papers, inviting people personally to the meetings, and frequently engaging in individual talks about the soul's welfare, so much neglected, or almost completely forgotten.

The officer also finds frequent opportunities for singing salvation into their ears in these very places, especially if she produces a guitar for accompaniment.

It is not unfrequent that the sale of papers for one single evening should amount to 100 copies, and from these silent messengers of salvation have come some beautiful and encouraging fruits to swell our soldiery.

True, this café work is exceedingly wearing to both heart and nerve, when continually done night after night—none but Salvationists carry it on systematically, but the splendid results just spoken of warrant the toil, and sacrifice.

An Answer to Prayer.

On one occasion our dear officers here had exhausted all their little supply of both fuel and cash. It was bitterly cold, and what

they mourned most was their inability to light a fire and heat the barracks, fearing the cold would drive their congregation away. They, therefore, gave themselves to prayer that God would, somehow or other, provide the need.

It was within an hour of the time for meeting, but whilst they were still praying, a knock at the door revealed a man laden with a sack of coal.

A gentleman had paid for it, and ordered it to be sent to the Army Sisters. The human channel through which this answer to prayer came has never yet been made known to these grateful officers.

Yet another Answer

was given them the following day.

Commissioner and Mrs. Cosandey were ex-



Commissioner Cosandey.

pected to visit their corps. The weather was very stormy and unfavorable, but the chief burden resting upon their hearts was the conversion of six individual cases in which they were interested. Whether they would come to the barracks at all in such a storm was doubtful. But if they came they must be won for God!

Again and again they poured out their petitions for the salvation of these souls. And, glory to God, the sequel was the whole six were among the interested and numerous congregation, and, better still, each of the six surrendered to God and sought salvation.

At Lyons,

which ranks as third commercial city in France, the Army has long been at work.

At a recent Sunday morning meeting ten souls came to God, whilst later on, the same day, amongst a number more was the U. S. Consul, a gentleman whose honorable and influential position made him well-known to all present—a brave example of having the courage of one's convictions!

In a mining district of Central France is a large and growing city called St. Etienne,

which is also a great manufacturing centre. Here, also, the Army has a fruitful field of labor amongst the poorest of the community.

Witness the following interesting cases: A year ago a retired policeman was spending all his time and money in debauchery. Curiosity led him to the Army hall. His conscience was aroused. He yielded to the Spirit's strivings, and shortly his conversion was followed by soldiery.

Although ignorant in spiritual things, and having to endure bitter opposition in his own home, his consistent life, as well as the constant wearing of the S's, are eloquent testimony.

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One of the veteran local officers of this corps is a poor old cripple woman of sixty years. Every week she sells thirty En Avants (French War Crys) in the cafés; her father, mother, and brother have also been hard-working soldiers for nine years.

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The women-soldiers all share in the visitation of the cafés, two hundred and fifty being regularly visited weekly, whilst the men soldiers delight in forming little trios or quartets to visit the outskirts and villages, selling the papers, singing, and praying, and testifying as they go.

Another beautiful answer to prayer is recorded in connection with this corps.

To end the month without debt, the officers lacked twenty francs (four dollars), but did not know where to turn for one. They set themselves, therefore, to prayer. During that week's visitation the whole sum was given them in amounts ranging downwards from ten cents.

Is the Tobacco Habit a Sin?

The Army's teaching on this point is well known, but in some sections of Christian life does not hold good.

One day an Ensign was visiting a Christian friend, in a country district in the midlands of France. The old gentleman had lived a godly life for twenty years, save for a forty-years' habit of smoking, not seeing "any harm in it," as he said. He was having a pipe when the officer entered, and instinctively, though unconsciously, drew back from the smell of the weed. This involuntary action did not pass unnoticed. That night, after his wife had gone to bed, the aged Christian sat long thinking earnestly of his caller's unspoken rebuke. Suppose the Lord Jesus, instead of the Ensign had visited him, would He also have silently condemned the pipe in His follower's mouth?

Then the old man knelt to pray for deliverance. A fortnight later, on seeing the Ensign again, he told him that all craving for tobacco was gone. He had claimed emancipation from the unclean habit!

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A French clergyman related this instance of one of the Army's triumphs in his locality:

"There is a wall which separates the estates of two of my church members. Over that wall a bitter feud sprang up between the two men. One claimed a right of way through a gate in the wall, but the other refused that privilege.

"Again and again efforts were made to conciliate these two neighbors, but all in vain, and finally they took the matter to law. The court decided in favor of the owner of the wall, and he straightway closed the gate.

"Soon after this the Army arrived, and amongst the first converts was the man owning the wall. The next day after his conversion he called upon his former enemy, offered to share the expense incurred at law, and told him he had already given instruction for the gateway to be re-opened, and volunteered to do whatever else in his power to show his sorrow for his past conduct.

"The second neighbor was so touched by the marvelous change in the man's spirit that he wanted to understand more of the religion which had worked so great a transformation. That evening he also knelt at the Army penitential form, and," added the minister, "those two men and their families are among the most godly in my church."

Social Work in France.

The general effect of the Army's Social operations in France has been highly beneficial to its standing and progress.

There are nine institutions, including Rescue Homes, an Orphanage, and separate Metropoles for men and women.

The accommodation at the Women's Metropole opened three years since) was so taxed that an enlargement was indispensable. It can now accommodate 180. Mainly, its frequenters are shop and factory girls, who earn very scant wages and frequently toil twelve and even thirteen hours in succession.

Country girls, also, who flock into Paris in hope of obtaining situations, have found it a great boon.

The accommodation is divided into dormitories with a large number of beds; cubicles partitioned off by curtains, and a limited number of small individual rooms. There are also capital sitting-rooms, kitchen, laundry, etc., of which the lodgers have the privilege. Meetings are held twice weekly, as well as Sundays, but although attendance is not compulsory, these are usually looked forward to with pleasure, and a good number have been converted.

Many of these illustrate their gratitude to the Army by decorating their little cubicles with the General's photo, Army almanacs, etc.

The Men's Metropole deals with a yet lower grade of humanity—social derelicts of all types.

The writer recalls a little service she held amongst them some four or five years ago, when about fifty poor fellows sat enthralled, drinking in the story of the Prodigal Son, told them simply in their own language. Tears were evident in many eyes, as its burning truths found an echo in their own wasted, misspent, prodigal lives. 'Twas a touching service and one of the most indelible memories of my visit to Paris in its great Exhibition year.

Some 220 beds are occupied nightly, and who shall number the gems for the Saviour's crown which have been sought out, cleansed, and won in this building?

The Children's Orphanage.

Forty little ones cluster here, for most of whom the Army is legally responsible until they come of age.

Amongst them are some thrilling cases of child-sorrow. Every lover of humanity must be thankful for the happy, and, above all, useful surroundings and training which have so altered their course in life.

Amongst the older children are some very promising future officers, of whom we hope to hear later on.

Belgium.

In this interesting little country, densely populated, and nominally Catholic, the Army is doing good work. Nearly three hundred souls have sought salvation at the twenty-five corps and outposts, where French or Flemish are spoken, during the past twelve months.

The power of God to transform drunkards into sober men, wife-beaters into good husbands, blasphemers into reverent worshippers, and would-be suicides into new creatures in Christ Jesus is daily being demonstrated in the altered lives of our Belgian soldiery.

The difficulties which our officers have to face are many and formidable. Amongst the most subtle is the light esteem in which the sanctity of home and married life are regarded. The standard of morality is thereby necessarily low, and ignorance, together with few educational advantages, make their work up-hill and at times discouraging.

Let us pray earnestly that Brigadier and Mrs. Malan, with their devoted band of forty Belgian officers, may be divinely inspired and upheld.

Canadian comrades will be interested to

hear that Staff-Capt. Irma Chapouand, one of Quebec's pioneers of 1886, is in charge of the Rescue Work of this country.

Italy.

In this sunny southern land the Army is, too, marching on. At fourteen corps and eleven outposts, Salvationists are fighting for God and souls, led on by a little band of thirty-four officers, with Headquarters at Milan.

In one year, at the newly-opened corps of Venice (beautiful and attractive city of islands and bridges) twenty-two soldiers were enrolled, among whom there is a nice spirit, which delights in wearing uniform as a testimony of salvation.

One of Milan's worst drunkards has been soundly converted, and his formerly neglected and hungry children are now well cared for and happy.

Sad to say, his first wife died of a broken heart, and on the day of her funeral he himself was hopelessly drunk.

But, thank God, the Army came his way. One evening he stopped to listen to a chorus they were singing, and being attracted by it, he went to the meeting and yielded himself to God.

Our Italian comrades should have a warm interest in our sympathy and prayers, whilst we watch their progress, and praise God on their behalf.

Chief Secretary at Chatham.

Sixteen Souls Forward—"The Painted Lady."

Colonel Jacobs' visit to Chatham was owned and blessed of God in the salvation and sanctification of sixteen souls. The power of the Holy Ghost fell mightily upon the people.

Brigadier Hargrave conducted the Saturday night meeting, assisted by Ensign Poole and Capt. Richardson and McLeod. It was a bright, happy meeting, interspersed by music on string and brass instruments.

The Chief Secretary spoke with the power of the Holy Ghost in the holiness meeting on Sunday morning. At the close nine sought the blessing of a clean heart.

In the afternoon a splendid crowd of people assembled to hear the Colonel; deep conviction took hold of them. One very hardened man rushed out of the meeting with tears running down his face, saying it was the first time his heart had ever been touched. A backslider also surrendered in this meeting. A large number seemed as though they could not leave the hall.

"The Painted Lady," was the subject for night. Those who have heard the Colonel on this subject know its worth. Seldom have people listened so attentively, and the arrows of God's truth penetrated so deeply. A well-fought prayer meeting brought out six or seven, who were gloriously delivered.

Chatham is not an easy place to move by any means, but the Colonel's visit has done, in the few meetings conducted, much to help us in this respect. The faith of the soldiers is rising, and we are believing for the outpouring of God's Spirit.

During the day the Colonel and Brigadier visited and cheered an old dying saint.

Mr. and Miss E. Stafford Miller, evangelists, from Australia, were at the Saturday night meeting.

The Colonel visited the juniors and gave a few words of encouragement to our coming Army. The Brigadier assisted him all day.—Fred R. Bloss, Adjt.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Welcome disappointment! Thy hand is cold and hard, but it is the hand of a friend. Thy voice is stern and harsh, but it is the voice of a friend. Oh, there is something sublime in calm endurance, something sublime in the resolute, fixed purpose of suffering without complaining, which makes disappointment often better than success.—Longfellow.

He Started Well.

Brigadier Turner Gives an Account of His First Week's Work in 1905.

Cheery, and full of life, Brigadier Turner stepped into our office. He had just "run in" to see the Commissioner on business, and was full of hope for a revival in his Province. He had conducted a New Year's gathering in Ottawa, which included a watchnight service, a holiness meeting at No. 1. in the morning, and a special demonstration at the new opening in the afternoon, with a salvation gathering at No. 1. at night.

Anxious to know whether he kept up his New Year resolutions, we asked him to give us a review of his first week's work in 1905. Here it is:

Monday, January 2nd, found the P. O. and District Officer scouting new ground for the purpose of establishing a third corps in the Imperial Capital, which will likely take place at no distant date. The afternoon found the Brigadier busy with correspondence and interviews right to the moment when it was time to commence the united soldiers' tea and meeting. The meeting wound up at a late hour. The result of the Ottawa meetings was twenty-four souls at the mercy seat. The P.O. and his assistant found still further matters of business to transact after the public meeting, which required their attention till two o'clock in the morning, when they retired to snatch a little rest. Two hours later found them again astir, and on their way to the depot to catch the early Montreal train, reaching the latter place 8 a.m.

Not desirous to lose time in going to his home for breakfast, the Brigadier had a light repast at a restaurant near by, and at once started a heavy day's work at the office.

On Again, Off Again.

Eight o'clock p.m. found the Brigadier again aboard the train for Toronto, arriving Wednesday morning, where a busy day is spent at Territorial Headquarters, including important interviews with the Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, and heads of Departments.

10.30 p.m. the P. O. again leaves Toronto, on his way to Kingston, where he arrives at 3.30 Thursday morning. After enjoying a little sleep he has a lengthy conference with Staff-Capt. Perry with regard to his new work as Spiritual Blessing for the Province. A hasty dinner, a "God bless you" to Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Perry, and the P. O. is off again.

Arriving at Montreal at 6 p.m., he spends a few moments at home, taking tea, and then hastily summoned the Provincial Staff to the Provincial Office, where all labored faithfully until nearly the midnight hours.

Monthly Officers' Meetings.

Friday, some of the correspondence which had accumulated in the absence of the P. O. was dealt with. An officers' council was next conducted at 2.30 in the afternoon, which, by the way, is held every month for the benefit of the officers of Montreal. A local officers' gathering followed in the evening, and a rousing meeting it was.

Saturday was given over to business. Matters of importance claimed attention throughout the day, among these the inspection of the new property and a conference with Staff-Capt. Miller, the S. A. architect.

Sunday, the 8th, the P. O. spent at three of the Montreal corps, conducting a junior and holiness meeting at No. IV. in the morning, a junior and salvation meeting in the afternoon at No. II., when five souls sought the Saviour, and at night at Alexander St. (No. I.), a salvation meeting, when three more souls knelt at the mercy seat.



NO LORD REVIVE THY WORK.

Wanted--A Revival!

That is a want that will be re-echoed in the heart of every true Salvationist. Are we not always crying to God for just such a need?

We pray for souls to be born again, for backsliders to be restored, for the church of God to be quickened and baptized with fresh zeal, and love, and power.

We mourn over the barren places amongst us. The dearth of numbers and fervor at our knee-drills. The hardness of heart and stoney indifference of men and women who have frequented our barracks, maybe for years, and resist every appeal.

The hum-drum routine into which, alas! some of the week-night meetings are apt to resolve—a song is sung, two or three prayers are uttered, another song, a few testimonies, a brief reading, and the meeting closes, and everybody goes home.

It was held, but when that is said, all is said, so far as results are concerned.

What is the matter? Where the lack?

Let Us Find Out Our Weakness.

"Ye are not straitened in God; but ye are straitened in your own selves."

It is the Holy Fire that is lacking. The Holy Ghost can supply the freshness, life, energy, grip, power, conviction, and give results, to-day as of old. We must have an old-time revival.

"Oh, send another Pentecost,

Thou Lamb for sinners slain;

Quicken Thy saints, bring home the lost,
Revive Thy work again!"

And what may we expect when the Spirit answers our heart-cries and brings about the revival?

Just what happened in the old-time revivals, of which we have numerous object-lessons, in both the Old and the New Testaments.

Just what happened at your corps when the Spirit of God was outpoured—men and women were possessed of the prayer spirit, and gave the Holy Ghost right of way. Nobody thought so much about meal times, or strolled into meeting late, or overslept themselves at knee-drill hour; in fact, many of the young men stayed behind on Saturday night to pray. Far into the night they wrestled with God for souls—wrestled until they knew that the victory was theirs, and they had

Prevailed With God.

No wonder they found subsequently they could also prevail with men, and led sinners to the mercy seat and to God with blessed freedom.

And when there was a little extra work needed—a village or outpost to visit, some belated Cry to sell, a gap amongst the junior workers, or the barracks to scrub, why, how eager the volunteers came to the front! There was no coaxing or persuading necessary. Love for God and love for souls was exuberant and made everything easy.

And yet there were real battles to face. Ofttimes the devil raged. Stones, and bricks, and missiles were not lacking. Men did not always speak well of us. But nobody cared or was impeded by these things. The fire was raging inside, and God was glorified, and souls were saved.

Beautiful revival days! How their memory still melts and moves us!

Can they come back? No; those days cannot, and will not, return. Their chances have gone—but, **BUT** we can have the old spirit, fire, fervor, zeal, and love back again!

Nay, we can have it in greater measure! The Holy Spirit is as mighty as ever—the heart of Jesus is as tender as ever—the will-

ingness of our God is as boundless as ever!

We can have the revival, if we will.

How grave, then, our responsibility, how great our privilege, how unlimited our opportunity!

A Revival is Born.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth. So is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Yes, the revival must be born of the Spirit.

In the heart of the willing and obedient man, woman, or child the Spirit will find a ready soil, into which to plant the divine seeds of prayer, desire, ardent beseechings, sometimes even amounting to agony; large conceptions of what God is longing and waiting to do in the souls of men, and paramount to all, faith, which rises up and dares to claim, and lay hold of the promise, "All things are possible to him that believeth."

Shall the revival be born in your heart? Then lay yourself out for these things—not spasmodically, not half-heartedly, not doubtfully. It will never come that way. But with all the intensity of which your nature is capable, with all the persistence of importunate prayer—prayer that will not be denied, or wearied, or turned aside into other channels. Pray! Ask God to reveal to you the crying needs of the people around you. Get your eyes open to their callous and stoney indifference. Have a vision of eternity. Listen to the wails, groans, cries, vain entreaties of those who have sinned away their day of visitation, like Dives of old; and then remember that your chance with people like them, who are committing the same sins, and hurriedly traveling the same road to destruction, is now.

Ask Great Things.

Oh, stir yourself up, my comrade. The enemy would like to rock you in his fatal cradle of indifference, neglect, and sloth. You must rouse yourself. Get on your knees and pray. Pray till your very soul is melted with the compassion of Christ, and for the lost world's sake, "lying in the arms of the wicked one," ask, and you shall receive; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Ask great things. The larger your petition, and the wider your faith, the more will God be honored. Don't be afraid—God is equal to it. The Holy Ghost is equal to it! You have not measured your possibilities yet, much less His.

Perhaps you are saying, "What about my limitations?" And here I must punctuate my exhortation with a note of warning.

Nothing but sin can hinder the Spirit's operations, both in the individual soul and the corps.

It may not be open, or flagrant, or vulgar; it may not be even recognized sin. There is a more subtle and dangerous species which creeps stealthily into the hearts and lives of men and communities, and stays the hand of God, keeps back His smile, and erects a barrier to the inflow and outflow of His gracious Spirit.

Away With Doubts.

It worked in days bygone, when Jesus Himself would fain have blessed the crowds and brought healing and life into whole towns of crowded population. We read of it thus:

"And He could there do no mighty work . . . because of their unbelief."

Ah, that insidious doubt, that blights the soul life, clouds the horizon of possibility, shuts God out, and gives the lie to His holy Word.

Doubt, born of disobedience; doubt, whispered by the devil himself with the sulphurous breath of hell. It shut the gates of



Eden. It stole from Adam, and Eve their purity.

It drove back the Children of Israel to forty years of desert wandering, when they were on the very borderland of Canaan.

It robbed the Jewish nation of their long-looked-for Messiah, for "He came to His own, and His own received him not," and the kingdom they should have inherited passed for a time to the Gentiles.

The Most Potent Weapon.

It is the most potent weapon of the devil to-day in keeping back Christians from their inheritance of sanctification, and workers from seeing results to their soul-saving efforts.

It stays the revival fires and quenches them with its disastrous, chilling influences.

As every revival must be born of the Spirit in prayer and faith, so must it be nurtured, fostered, and fed by prayer and faith. That is the human side of it. God's is to fulfil His promise, when man meets His conditions.

Next week we will strive to show how a revival, once started, can be maintained.—C. B. T.

Seven Souls at Dovercourt.

Adjut. Arnold and Ensign Owen Conduct a Sunday's Meetings There.

The Dovercourt corps was reinforced on Sunday last by Adjut. Arnold and Ensign Owen, of the Territorial Staff.

The Adjutant's violin solos and heart-stirring salvation songs were blessed to many. Splendid crowds. Finances doubled. The power and presence of the Holy Spirit was manifested. The burning truths delivered gripped the consciences of the people, and, best of all, seven souls knelt at the mercy seat.

Bandmaster Packham and his comrade-bandsmen rendered valiant service, and we believe there is a great future for the Dovercourt corps.—E. W. O.

RETURN VISIT A TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS.

Bioscope party return tour in the Eastern Provinces gloriously success. At the corps visited the service was pronounced the best and most instructive yet given in the Province. Requests from nearly every corps for a return visit. Our return visit to Cape Breton was a glorious success. Glace Bay headed the list with a packed house, and eighty dollars income. Prospects are bright for the future.—J. S. McLean, Staff-Capt.

Staff-Captain Attwell has been generously sacrificed from the Temple Band to assume the duties of Bandmaster of that celebrated musical organization, the Lippincott Band.

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Coombs very much appreciate the many kind expressions which have reached them from various parts of the Territory, sympathizing with them in the death of their child.



A SKIN OF SILK.

(Continued.)

Symptoms of an approaching nest, or casting, are afforded by the appearance and the actions of the worm. Its body becomes glossy and translucent, and its head greatly swollen. It stops feeding, and, raising itself up with its head elevated like that of a sphinx, it falls into a torpid condition. While in this state it must not be disturbed, but as soon as the old skin is cast off, the worm turns to eating again with a keen and increased appetite. As time passes on, its demand for food becomes constantly greater, until when within a few days of entering the pupa stage it exhibits an amazing voracity, devouring great quantities of the largest and coarsest leaves. Its weight is also enormously increased, and, when ready to spin, it has attained a size nearly six thousand times as large as when it emerged from the egg.

At last the silk worm is ready to spin. This is



Feeding Worms Before Third "Casting."

indicated by a sudden loss of appetite and an almost transparent appearance of the body. Leaving its food and frequently emptying itself of excrement, the worm wanders about the edge of the mat, hunting a place in which to spin its cocoon. While these are the external signs of the approaching change, an internal transformation is also to be noted. Two long, coiled glands, one on each side of the alimentary canal, become filled with thick, liquid silk stuff, which, as soon as the worm begins to spin, will issue forth from the two spinning teats in the head and unite into one thread. The skilled silk-grower, who has been closely watching the development of his brood, now hastens to prepare a place in which the spinners may do their work. Split bamboos are arched over the mats, and on these rape stalks, rice straw, or some similar material is spread out until a thick, loose bed is formed. Into this the worm climbs, and fastening its first thread to a straw or a stalk, begins spinning. First, it forms a loose, elliptical sack around its body, and then, twisting, bending and turning over and over, it makes its cocoon. This consists of a single thread from three hundred to four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and is completed in about a week's time. The bed of straw, filled with cocoons, can then be rolled up and laid away to await further operations.

Some of the best and largest cocoons are reserved for egg-producing. They are carefully laid upon clean mats and covered with paper, placed here and there with holes. In about a fortnight from the time the spinning was completed, the butterflies emerge from the cocoons, usually a short time after sunrise. In their search for light and air they soon find their way through the holes in the paper covering. The males can be recognized by their brisk movements and the constant fluttering of their wings, the females, meanwhile, remaining quiet with their heads hanging down. Pairing at once begins, and, after a few hours, the males are thrown away and the females are removed to large paper cards to lay their eggs. About fifty moths are placed on a card, and, when each has laid from two hundred and fifty to four hundred eggs, they, too, are cast away as of no further use. The cards are placed in paper bags and laid aside for the next season's breeding, or they are carefully packed for export



Changing Bods.

to Europe, where, annually, since 1860, large quantities of Japanese silk-worm eggs have been used by French and Italian growers.

(To be continued.)

PITHY PARLS.

Late estimates place the population of the world at 1,593,300,000.

In India native laborers receive four cents a day for sixteen hours' work.

The Mexican dollar is said to be rapidly disappearing from international circulation.

The pauperism of England and Wales costs the whole population \$2.38 cents per head annually.

Florida has imported from China the paper tree, which is so interesting and valuable in the latter country.

In France, and Germany quail are becoming so scarce that both Governments have absolutely prohibited their killing.

Timber sleepers to the number of 1,494,000,000, and valued at \$900,000,000, are in use on the railways of the world, and make a serious drain on the available timber supply.

It is estimated that about only three per cent. of the people of the world obtain their living directly from the sea, although water covers three-fourths of the earth's surface.

There is only one telephone for every sixty families in London, according to the latest statistics, while in New York there is one for twelve, in Boston one for six, and in San Francisco one for four.

Welding by electricity has been brought to such a state of perfection that welding apparatus can be carried to a railway track and two rails joined as solidly as if they had come out of the rolling mill one piece.

Even fish are not immune from the spirit of rivalry and, perhaps, vanity, if a story which comes from France is to be credited. Anglers over there attach small mirrors to their hooks with very successful results, the idea being that the fish, seeing its reflection in the mirror, will hasten to snatch the bait from its supposed rival.

HONEST OLD TOM.

Some years ago there died an old man who, as a county court judge, had long commanded the respect of the community. Forty years before he had gone to the city where he had lived, a penniless young lawyer, and had slowly earned for himself an honored position.

He had never married, and never could be tempted to enter society, but lived always in the same quiet apartments, surrounded by his books and a few friends, who greatly respected and loved him. Every Sunday, no matter how stormy, found him in his obscure seat in church, devout and earnest, but he never could be persuaded to hold any office, even the humblest in the church.

He was so just a judge that his townpeople affectionately dubbed him "Honest Old Tom."

He died after a lingering illness, with a few faithful friends about him. When they began to prepare him for the grave they found upon his chest the letter "T," branded with a hot iron.

The just judge, the faithful Christian, had once been convicted as a thief.

The astonishment at the discovery was great. His nearest friends bowed over the coffin in sorrow at the revelation, forgetting that the silent lips could not deny the charge, nor speak a word in his defense. But there were other voices to speak for him. Men and women were eager to tell what they knew of his private life. It was found that each year he had given to benevolent objects the largest part of his income.

Nurses from the hospitals spoke of him now as a visitor who had often come to bring luxuries to the poorer patients, and to comfort them with kind words.

Officers from jails and penitentiaries spoke of him tenderly. To many a poor, battered prisoner he had gone as a brother, and held out a hand in an endeavor to lift him up to a clean, honest life again.

Out of the obscure quarters of the city there came on the day of his burial women whom he had rescued from a life of shame, and orphan children whom he had befriended.

When he was carried to the grave these were his mourners. They crowded silently about his coffin, tears on their pale faces. The man, whom Christ had sent to help them had gone. His brotherly sympathy they had felt; they did not know its secret spring, nor realize that another could sympathize with them as he had sympathized. Good Christian men, who had never been tempted and overcome as he had been, talked to them as from a height. He stood

beside them, he seemed to speak out of the depths of his heart.

He had been in the slough. He knew the hand that could lead them out of it. He held it in his own every step of the way.

The old minister, looking at these men and women standing about the grave, said with almost a voice of triumph, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." For he saw a meaning of great courage and hope in this poor thief's life. It was that the men who repents of his sin and forakes it may be fitter for work in Christ's service than he who has never battled with sin and been helped to victory.

The multitude whom St. John saw standing near the throne in heaven were not those whose garments had never been stained, but they who had washed their robes and made them white by faith.—Australian War Cry.

INTERESTING INFORMATION ABOUT OCEAN LINERS.

The Steward's Department.

In some minds, and according to many appetites, the most important official on board the ship is the chief steward. Hungry passengers think the steward quite as important a personage as the captain. The steward can estimate the eggs how many eggs one thousand people will eat in six days. Long experience has taught him that he will use eggs at the rate of two eggs a minute. Hence, whenever the hotel sets out to sea, the steward has a store of no less than 17,000 eggs. With a similar nicety he can estimate the exact needs in the way of chickens, ducks, lobsters, crabs, oranges, and so on through the bill of fare.

When in port, the chief steward makes out his order for supplies, and more than one caterer is necessary to fill his orders, for there are requisitions for food enough for 1,500 persons for two or three weeks—20,000 to 30,000 pounds of meat, 50 to 100 barrels of flour, five tons of potatoes, 1,000 quarts of ice cream, etc. Seasonable products and provisions of perishable nature are purchased in whatever port the vessel happens to be; meats, however, with most groceries and canned goods, are bought on this side, together with many other things to eat, not only because they are cheaper, but far better than on the other side.

In a given time, in a single ocean hotel, more crockery and glassware is smashed than in all the hotels in Broadway. The breakage aboard the Philadelphia, for example, on a recent run from Southampton to New York, included 1,000 plates, 280 cups, 428 saucers, and 1,312 tumblers, 200 wine glasses, 27 decanters, and 63 water bottles. The breakage costing about \$500 for the voyage, or \$100 per day.

At sea, regardless of the wind, the weather, and the waves, the steward remains simply a house-keeper in what is, to him, a rolling, pitching, tossing hotel. His duties do not end with the mere supplying and serving of food and drink. He must look after the comfort of more than a thousand guests—the first, second, and third cabins. A passenger finds his hair mattress too hard and asks for an air mattress which the steward must supply. He must have ready for a single passage 4,000 napkins and twice that number of towels, as they will be called for. These first-class guests are paying each an average of twenty dollars a day for their room and board, and they must have twenty dollars' worth of food, comfort and attendance. To meet the requirements of his position, the steward divides his hotel into departments. He sometimes has a laundry, where the towels, sheets, napkins, and so on are washed and dried by machinery, and dried on a machine that looks like a printing press. He has a printing office, where are printed the menus, the wine lists, and the programs for the various concerts. Sometimes one of these ocean hotel printing rooms turns out a not little newspaper daily, enterprising passengers furnishing the "copy."

The most important department under the steward is the kitchen, or rather the kitchens, for besides the main kitchens in the first and second cabins and the stateroom, there are separate distributing kitchens for the smoking-room, the ladies' cafe, and for meals served in rooms and on deck. The chef, who is directly responsible to the steward, has under him twenty to thirty cooks, two bakers and eight assistants. Besides a number of dish-washers, and a special "hands," who prepare vegetables and open oysters, and look after other minor details.

There is never a time in New York when there is not a dearth for stewards, so far, at least, as ocean-going ships are concerned. New York hotels, in an emergency, can go to a kind of headquarters maintained for the purpose, and secure as many waiters as may be needed. Not a waiter is discharged. If the latter, at the last moment, carry an unexpected number of guests, they must either borrow stewards from other ships or go to sea short-handed. Occasionally, of course, qualified stewards can be found in New York who have deserted their own ships, or who have come here thinking to better themselves. One would suppose that our coastwise steamers would have picked up enough stewards from which our liners could be recruited. But we are cut off in this direction by the fact that the coast steamers employ mostly colored help, and to mix the crews of ocean passenger steamers would mean the introduction of naval battles, as it were, in the race war. The situation, therefore, compels the companies to seek each ship from the European side of the water brings over enough stewards for the expected number of passengers on the return voyage from New York.

REVIVAL FIRE: HOW IT SPREADS

The Revival in England.

From Yorkshire, England comes also glad news, several revival fires ignited by the Spirit of God.

At Shipley, on a recent Sunday afternoon, cries went up to God from platform, gallery, and hall, until thirty-one souls definitely yielded at the mercy seat.

The soldiers were in tears, travelling in spirit for the salvation of men and women, and at night twenty more fell at Jesus' feet.

A Featherstone, another Yorkshire corps of miners, several backsliders and sinners were brought in, and the revival still blazes with heavenly fire.

Loughborough, one of the South London corps, for a long time crippled with debt, is at last full of new life and spirit. The last cent has been paid, and soldiers and recruits have re-consecrated themselves for new and better service.

Twenty-three souls were the net result of the next Sunday's meetings, including a whole gang of toughs who had given considerable trouble.

A whole week's early knee drills were announced, followed by an "All day with God" campaign.

Commissioner Cadman has had

Ten Days' Fiery Soul-Saving

in the North of England at the old corps of Sunderland.

Snow, slush, and wind notwithstanding, great crowds gathered.

Forty-one souls were amongst the slain of the Lord.

The first was a poor drunk, still under liquor. God sobered and saved him.

The next was an old Crimean veteran of seventy-six years, who had gone under the drink curse. The Spirit snapped his fetters, and renewed his youth. Full of joy he came up to the subsequent meetings to tell what God had done for him.

Tottenham Corps,

which has just celebrated its fourteenth anniversary, is having revival times also. Brigadier Compnin led a blessed series of Sunday services. At one of the meetings the spirit of prayer possessed the people. Thirty comrades poured out their hearts to God for the people. Prayers and tears intermingled.

Thirteen souls surrendered. One was the eldest son of the corps Secretary. The father knelt beside his boy and led him to the cross.

An actress has just been converted here, who had been playing in the "Sign of the Cross."

A family of six, recently come to London from the provinces to find work, and who were starving, were also led to Jesus, and house and food and work were found for them, in verification of the old promise:

"Seek first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

EXTRACTS OF PRIVATE LETTER RECEIVED FROM THE OLD LAND.

I feel I must let you know of the grand times we are having here.

This past week the Spirit of God has been doing His work, the people are being quickened, and souls, "precious souls," are being saved.

I felt the glory this past week so that I have almost had to say, "Stay Thy power, Lord!" I am overwhelmed with joy.

At a prayer meeting last Sunday a comrade got up and said, "Pray for a sister who has doubts and fears."

The words of my old Singing Brigade song, "Why are you doubting, and fearing, why are you still under sin?" came to my lips, and I sang with all the tenderness I could, and praise God for another soul for the Kingdom this past week; but that is one of many I have sang into the Kingdom this past week.

Those words came, without the book, to my lips after twenty odd years, and again were used of God through me, and it was you who taught them to me.

The writer then goes on to say: "Oh, the heights and depths of His love! I have seen Him on the cross, and realized his agony in a special way this past few weeks, and felt more than ever it was for me!"

"I have come to that stage of life that at the very moment that in my heart I am willing to do what His Spirit prompts me, . . . just the thing he wishes, and it becomes quite easy."

Brigadier Rees stated at a conference the other day that as a Welsh boy he had heard of revival meetings. Now he had been privileged to see one.

The first meeting he entered on arrival from London he found two drunken men on their knees imploring the pardon of their sins.

The General Captures Two Noted Welsh Foot-Ballers.

At Cefn Tabernacle monster congregations greeted our beloved leader, and after a wholesale welcome had been accorded him, he said:

"Wales must fan the flame of revivalism until it sweeps the whole countryside under its enthralling power."

"Lip-service is useless. Christianity requires more vigor and life. Impure conversation and thought must be banished, and money and time used to better advantage."

At this meeting two noted Welsh foot-balls, one an international, are reported to have surrendered to God, and refused to continue to serve their respective clubs.

Echoes from the Commissioner's Meetings.

The meeting had only just started when the Spirit of God melted and moved a man amongst the crowd, whose tears could not be restrained.

At last he rushed to the mercy seat, and poured out his sad story of backsliding in the Saviour's ears.

He had belonged to a corps in the Old Country, but had put away from God in the new. What joy followed sorrow when victory came and he was surrendered to his God once more!

Are you a backslider, reader? Did you run well in the old corps at home, but have slackened down and drifted away out here? Then go down upon your knees as quickly as you can, and get right with God even now!

It was a prayer meeting on Sunday night. A tremendous fight was going on between heaven and hell, over the soul of a wanderer.

A young officer had been pleading with him for some time, but still he resisted. Then the Commissioner went down, and, holding up his hands, entreated him also to come.

"Don't you know me?" asked the man. The Commissioner was not sure that he did, until the story of backsliding was unfolded. He was in deep sorrow. His dear wife, a woman of God, was lying dangerously ill in the hospital. He had been sitting with her that afternoon, dangerous symptoms hav-

ing been noted, but on hearing of the meetings she had begged him to go, and hear and accept God's message.

"Never did he need God more than now," said a friend close by.

With tears he came to the mercy seat, but on rising from his knees, smiles and tears mingled as he magnified God for the victory which had been given to him.

At another place, as the meeting was closing, an old and new friend came to shake hands with the Commissioner, a woman exclaimed:

"Don't you know me? My name is ——. I was an officer, but ran away, and you gave me another chance. Now I am married, fighting as a soldier in the ranks, and here is my child; she is going to take my place!"

Standing by her side was a splendid young woman in full uniform, and a Corps-Cadet badge upon her arm. That night she had sought full salvation, and made a complete surrender of herself to God.

Hallelujah! The children of our old officers are rising up to take their place in the fight.

The Commissioner had been speaking about "seeing God" in the daily events of our life, recognizing His hand, even in what seems to be adverse circumstances, and daring to take it all, bitter and sweet, from Him.

There was a little girl in the meeting of only nine years of age. She loved Jesus, and knew Him as her personal Saviour; but sorrow came into her life. Her sister died; and very soon after that her father died also. Then over her soul swept a floodtide of bitterness. Was it not hard that God should take both from her, and leave her lonely and sorrowful? How could she love him any longer? And so the love, and joy, and peace had gone out of her heart. But, said she:

"God has shown Himself to me this morning. Now I see Him in it, and know that His love is unchanged."

Surely this indeed is another instance of the Saviour's own words:

"Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."

Another case of Spirit-illuminated truth being applied to the individual conscience is that of a young man whose business dealings in a certain transaction, nine years ago, were not absolutely straightforward. The matter haunted him, and again and again he felt he should confess and make reparation to the best of his ability.

Broken down now by the Spirit of God, he told it in the Saviour's ear, and entreated pardon, and then, ere leaving the hall, sought out the individual officer he felt he had deceived, and strove to clear it up. Then the light dawned, and through streaming tears came the sunshine of his Father's forgiveness, and favor restored once more.

Newfoundlanders will rejoice to hear that among the firstfruits of the New Year's harvest of souls were three sturdy young fellows, who were mightily convicted, and blessedly converted.

The first one fairly rushed to the mercy seat, and when the light dawned sprang to his feet with shouts of joy, and began at once to help his fellowmates.

"What is your name?" asked the Registration Officer.

"Oh, glory to God, I am saved, I am saved!" was the response.

"Yes, bless the Lord! but what is your name?"

"Glory, glory, hallelujah! God has saved my soul!" came again.

So the registration was made in the heavenly courts, and resolved itself into praises to the Lamb who was slain.

May we not believe that this is a foretaste in miniature of what floods of salvation, light, joy, power and freedom will reach many other Newfoundlanders at the welcome meetings of our dear Commissioner when he gets down their way. Keep praying, and believing, comrades.

WAR CRY

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Editorial.

THE DISTRESS IN LONDON.

We were glad to read an editorial in the Globe, "Shall Canadians Help Their Starving Kinsmen?" in which the editor acknowledges the receipt of \$25 from a reader, together with a suggestion to open a subscription in the columns of the Globe, for a fund to relieve the present distress in London. The Globe says:

"It is a melancholy thought that there are people passing through life whose uppermost thought, from their cradles to their graves, is suggested by the cravings of hunger—people with whom want is a daily companion, and the never satisfied gnawings of appetite almost the only, and certainly the most familiar, sensation. In the extracts from the London press, which appear elsewhere in this issue, there is a statement that a loaf of bread was distributed one day to each of a number of starving families as a great boon. When one connects this fact with the other fact that millions of acres of wheat lands in our own west are vacant and untilled, there is room for the suspicion that the organization of the world is by no means perfect. Nor would this be the only respect in which defective organization would appear. Side by side with the appalling want revealed in the columns of the English newspapers, there exists the greatest opulence and luxury which this earth has known. The social conditions which produce, on the one hand, a Duke of Westminster, with his thousand and odd pounds a day of income, and 120,000 starving people in West Ham, cannot be regarded as satisfactory or final.

"It is not a time, or rather this is not the place, to discuss social errors in Britain. It is for the British people to solve them. But while they are solving them humanity cannot see, unmoved, the anguish in the faces of starving women and children."

We heartily pray that the Globe's appeal will meet with a ready and generous response, for in this case to give quickly is to give doubly.

What is the Army Doing to Relieve it.

We have frequently printed in our pages information of the heart-rending distress among the poor of the world metropolis, also given illustrations and figures of the Army's efforts to lessen the widespread suffering in London. For many months now our cheap food depots have worked to their fullest capacity to supply wholesome food to the poor at cost price, and below. Farthing breakfasts have helped about two thousand children to get a good, hot breakfast, who otherwise would have gone hungry to school, as still many thousands have to do. Midnight meals have been given away by the thousands to those poor, homeless, starving wretches who walk the streets all night, except when they can snatch a few minutes' sleep in some sheltered spot, until the policeman on his beat spies them and tells them to "Move on." At Christmas tens of thousands of free breakfasts, free dinners, and free teas were given, loaves of bread distributed, and baskets of provisions sent to specially deserving cases. The proprietor of the Daily Mail handed £350 to our London Headquarters towards defraying the expenses of giving plenteous free meals on Christmas Day to the poorest people. Other newspapers followed suit. The Evening News ordered 22,000 pairs of stout children's boots from the Salvation

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

LATEST TELEGRAPHIC NEWS ABOUT BRANDON, CALGARY, VANCOUVER, AND BELLINGHAM—128 PRISONERS CAPTURED.

BRANDON.—Successful campaign commenced with soldiers' reception banquet. Commissioner delivered an impressive address, which was deeply appreciated by his soldiers. Citadel crowded at night. Divine power mightily swayed audience. Thrilling scenes at the mercy seat, when eighteen souls found pardon.

CALGARY.—New Rescue Home was successfully opened on Thursday. His Worship, the Mayor, representative ministers, and prominent citizens heartily commended the Social work. Commissioner's eloquent address created a splendid impression. At night in the theatre an excellent meeting was held. Nineteen seekers, including four in midnight soldiers' council, came to God.

VANCOUVER.—Glorious campaign. City Hall was too small; hundreds were unable to gain admission. Sunday afternoon, the welcome demonstration was an enthusiastic meeting. An imposing array of public gentlemen on the platform supported the Commissioner, whose masterly address, descriptive of the Army's world-wide operations, was frequently applauded. Alderman Oldum, Deputy-Mayor, and Dr. McKenzie, in forceful speeches eulogized our work and influence in that city. Entire campaign was a magnificent triumph. Fifty-three souls were captured. Excellent finances. All well.

(Later.)

The grand commencement of the Commissioner's American campaign at Bellingham has proved a stupendous triumph. Judges and ministers occupied the platform and warmly welcomed our leader. Holy Ghost touched Commissioner's lips. Glorious rush to the mercy seat. Big men wept on account of sin. Husbands and wives sought mercy. Wonderful beseeching prayer. Indescribable finish. Thirty-eight souls captured. The afternoon officers' council, and the soldiers' meeting at 10.30 at night, were times of special tenderness and divine outpouring. Keep praying. Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Army Trade Department, to be supplied to poor children.

Canada's Part.

The relief furnished to these hundreds of thousands of unemployed is, of course, but temporary, and its continuance is an enormous expense. The better way is to transfer as many of the honest and industrious unemployed as possible from England to a place where work may be had. Here the Canadian wing of the Army finds its best opportunity to assist. Last year over a thousand men and women, chiefly farm laborers and some servant girls, were assisted to come to Canada and placed in positions. A number of these will become settlers themselves in due time, and help in the development of the country. This year we are preparing now for the transportation of probably several thousands of a desirable class of immigrants, many of whom will be Salvationists, and we would enlist the sympathy and co-operation of our officers, soldiers, and friends everywhere on their behalf. You can help us by informing us of the address of any farmer who desires to obtain help, that we may at once communicate with him and arrange to secure as many situations as possible beforehand, which will facilitate the distribution of the men, and save much expense otherwise.

Important Notice.

The Commissioner is anxious to be put at once into communication with soldiers, recruits, and converts who live in places where no Army is located, and who, for any reason, are not attached to a corps. Will those comrades kindly write at once to Commissioner Coombs, S. A. Temple, Toronto, marking on the envelope "Unattached."

Anyone knowing of soldiers who do not belong to a corps are kindly requested to inform such of this notice, and send a line to the Commissioner at the same time.

Lieut.-Colonel Sharp at Halifax.

Siege Launched—Eighteen Souls.

(By Wire.)

Colonel Sharp, assisted by Major Phillips and Capt. Riley, visited Halifax. His meetings have proved a great impetus to our work here. Saint and sinner have been blessed. Eighteen souls knelt at the mercy seat, and an infant was dedicated to God and the Army. The soldiers are all on fire and united in holy desperation for the Siege, which was so successfully launched by the Colonel, who is an apostle of hard work and earnestness.—S. Wiggins, D.O.

Brigadier McMillan's Visit.

Nineteen Souls at Bellingham and Faith for More.

Capt. Johnson, of Bellingham, Wash., wired too late for last issue:

"Brigadier McMillan, filled with the Holy Ghost, led attack on devil's ranks last night. Fourteen prisoners surrendered, making nineteen for the week so far. All are full of faith for coming meetings. Hallelujah!"

Guelph Stirred.

Brigadier Howell, Staff-Captain Manton and Ensign Owen Conduct Special Meetings.

Brigadier Howell and Staff-Capt. Manton had a most successful week-end at Guelph. Magnificent crowds. The soul-stirring songs and interesting Gospel talks of the Brigadier and Staff-Captain deeply impressed the people.

A number of men and women sought the Saviour.

Ensign Owen assisted at the musicale on Monday night.

Finances excellent—over \$42 for the week-end. To God be all the glory.—E. W. O.

Commissioner Kilbey, in his welcome meetings at Chicago, said: "Blessed are they who do not speak long, for they shall be called upon again." A very good idea, we think,



The Winnipeg Metropolis Witnesses Some Magnificent Meetings—Citadel and Theatre Crowded—88 Souls in the Fountain—City Deeply Stirred.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN.

NO sooner had the train pulled up at Winnipeg than in an instant bags, valises, typewriter, etc., were snatched up by loving hands, a huge volley rang out, and the Commissioner is almost immediately enveloped in a coon coat as a protection from the biting cold.

The contingent of officers, headed by Brigadier Burditt and Staff-Capt. Taylor, were quite hilarious. Smiles mingled with tears of gladness at beholding in the flesh the longingly-expected Canadian Commander.

In a few moments we forget the cold in the genial entertainment provided by the Provincial Officer and Chancellor.

Our People's First Treat.

The first engagement had been announced as an officers' and soldiers' council. By the time the opening song was lined out the hall, which has accommodation for upwards of 400, contained half as many more, so densely was it packed, and a great number remained standing.

After Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor and Brigadier Burditt had invoked the blessing of God, the General Secretary introduced the Commissioner, who received a vociferous ovation, the entire congregation standing, clapping, volleying, weeping, smiling, and otherwise expressing delight at the Commissioner's coming.

The Commissioner, in a very happy, homelike manner responded to this unique welcome.

The Commissioner's address was a pointed, practical exposition of divine truth, bristling with keen sword thrusts. The silence at times was almost painful, so intense was the feeling produced. Suitable anecdotes and illustrations from a long soul-saving experience

were deftly interwoven into a delightful-spiritual heart-talk. While the Commissioner was pleading with burning earnestness the people sat in strained, heart-stirred, solemn attention. The way to God, to light and liberty was lovingly outlined, and soon prayer and faith are uniting on behalf of the convicted. The dense pack made it very awkward to provide penitent form space, but this difficulty was soon overcome, and in ones and twos the seekers came forward, until thirty-two names were registered on earth and in heaven as having claimed cleansing and purity through the precious blood.

Seventeen Surrendered Early.

The Winnipeg soldiers are not deterred by cold weather from fighting in the open-air, for their lusty voices made the streets ring even though the thermometer was considerably below zero. The auditorium was well filled for the holiness meeting, more than two-thirds being men—indeed, down one side I could only notice three women among upwards of one hundred men.

Faces glowed with pleasure, eyes beamed with joy, hands met hands in hearty welcome, as the Commissioner briskly stepped upon the platform. In a few moments all heads were bowed, as with tender pleading our loved leader lifted in arms of faith every soul in that assembly to the throne of grace: "Whiter than snow," with band accompaniment, rang out in singing petition. Mrs. Ensign Lacey spoke from her heart in earnest prayer, following which the Commissioner, in heart-touching tenderness, sang, "Where He leads I will follow." The General Secretary then prayed.

The Commissioner's Bible reading that followed was a revelation. The word of God

became a living, vibrating force in his hands. The truth flashed forth, revealing hidden sins. As a two-edged sword, it slew shams, excuses, formalism, and meanness. Deep conviction was produced. The Holy Ghost was mightily at work.

The collection disposed of, our devoted leader smilingly stated that his text was a "good one." The address that followed was a most powerful effort. The Commissioner was at his best, and the Holy Spirit sealed his fervent utterances in a remarkable manner.

When the invitation was given there was a ready response; strong, robust men, tearfully, in deepest contrition, came forward to the mercy seat, and in deep contrition confessed and forsook their wrong. It was an inspiring sight, and such a season of rejoicing. Tears were wiped away. The glory of God was upon us. Seventeen surrenders for pardon, mostly men, were the visible results, but a work was done apart from what was seen that will live on eternally.

A Glorious Afternoon.

A great crowd journeyed through the keen, biting wind in the afternoon to hear the Commissioner. The Citadel was packed from floor to ceiling with an audience even more jubilant and expectant than the earlier gatherings. Hearty cheers greeted the Commissioner as he entered. Mrs. Brigadier Burditt and several of the soldiers took part in the opening exercises, which were conducted by the General Secretary. Capt. Daisy Coombs sweetly sang to the pleasure and profit of all, her rising being the signal for terrific volleying. At the conclusion of the song she spoke in well-chosen words direct to the heart.

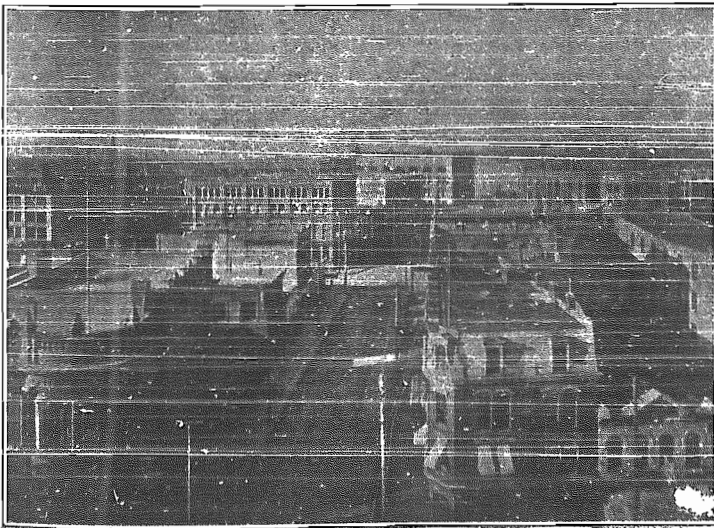
While the indispensable offering received attention, which the Commissioner solicited, humorously suggesting that the wealthy should pass up their purses to him to select what they ought to give, the splendid brass band played a selection very creditably.

The Commissioner's Bible reading was a treat, replete, as it was, with thrilling incident and choice anecdote. The Spirit gave him utterance to a wonderful degree. Religion was reduced to the most practical everyday applications. Mighty in the power of God, the truth poured from his lips in irresistible force. Strong men trembled and wept on account of sin. There was no holding back of the sword from blood. The enemies of God were smitten hip and thigh. Warning, entreating, pleading, persuading, the mercy of God was presented as man's only hope for time and eternity. The all-atoning Lamb as the remedy for sin.

"Who will decide for Christ now?" cried the Commissioner. "Hold up your hand if you will."

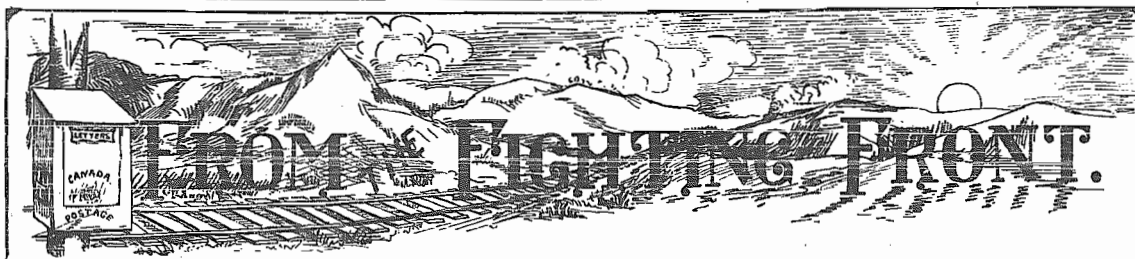
A man in the gallery was the first to respond; four others soon raised their hands. But the first at the mercy seat comes right out without lifting his hand.

It would take a more skillful pen than mine to depict the thrilling scenes. The weeping sinners, the praying soldiers, the pleading Commissioner. In ones and twos they come. A prodigal boy kneels next to a drunkard, a



Wholesale Section of Winnipeg.

(Continued on page 10.)



KEEP THE FIRE BURNING BRIGHTLY, COMRADES.

The Blessed Soul-Saving Work Continues—From Many Parts Cheering News Comes to Us—Four Newfoundland Reports Reach Us, and They had Forty-Five Souls Between Them—New Aberdeen Rejoices Over Twenty-Four, St. Thomas Fifteen, Amherst Ten, Midland Nine, Sherbrooke Nine, and so on—Adj. and Mrs. Kendall are in the Midst of a Revival and Report Twenty Souls this Week—Newcastle, N.B., Continues to Sweep Them in; Last Week They Caught Thirteen More Prisoners—Lord, Keep us Hot!

Newfoundland Province.

Fifteen Souls.

St. John's III.—Since Capt. White and Lieut. G. Hall took charge the hall has been fixed up and new interest awakened. Just as we were going in for a good time, to our regret we heard the Captain announce the farewell of the Lieutenant. He dons the red braid and leaves us to take charge of the hall. The farewell meeting was a time to be remembered—a full house and much conviction. Eight have come forward for noisiness and three for salvation. We welcome into our midst Lieut. F. Smith. At the first meeting four souls came to the mercy seat. Watch reports.—A Soldier.

Twelve Souls.

St. John's III.—A great many have recently come forward to seek the Lord. The last night in the old year we rejoiced together over five souls starting for heaven, and the first day of the New Year six more came out to serve the Lord. The second day of January being Lieut. Townsend's birthday and mine (an unusual occurrence) we celebrated it by having a special jubilee meeting. No. III. corps united with us. Besides having a rejoicing time we had a soul in the fountain. Our children's Christmas tree was a good success. A good crowd came out to hear the children, and were not disappointed, as the juniors performed their parts well. Bro. Gaul acted as Santa Claus, and distributed a nice brock, a bag of candy and nuts, and an orange to each one of the children. We are going in for great victories at No. V.—Ensign Colin Campbell.

Thirteen Souls.

Hare Bay.—We had a visit from our D. O. Ensign Baker, which proved a blessing to us all. We have had to say farewell to Lieut. Hann. Her stay was one of blessing. We have welcomed Lieut. L. Shears Sunday was a blessed day to our souls. Six precious souls gave their hearts to God, making thirteen prisoners since the arrival of our new leader.—Mrs. G. Wells, for Lieut. G. Shears.

Five Souls.

Clark's Harbor.—What about Clark's Harbor? Did you not hear? Well, I'll tell you. We are having wonderful meetings; precious souls have been saved. The weather has been against us of late. The people have so far to come as to prevent them from coming during the week. But they put forth every effort to get there on Sunday. When souls are getting saved it brings people to the meetings, whether it snows or rains. We are going in for a good time during the New Year.—J. A.

The Eastern Province.

Two Souls Saved.

Sussex.—Since last writing to you two souls have been saved. Large crowds are coming to the barracks. We have also had the first visit of our new D. O. Ensign Lorimer, of Moncton. We are sorry to part with Capt. Hamilton, who was called for a few days, to Waterville, N.S., to attend the funeral of the late Capt. Hawbold. On Sunday next the evening service will be devoted to the memory of this dear sister, and we trust that this meeting will be the means of leading many of the unsaved to God, which we hope to publish at a later date.—F. W. Wallace.

Ten Souls in the Fountain.

Amherst, N.S.—We are still in the thick of the fight, and God is giving us victory. Saturday and Sunday Happy Jim Miller the man with the long hair) was with us, assisted by Bro. McVicker, from Cape Breton. All were pleased and delighted to welcome them in our midst. The meetings from the start to the finish were grand, the spirit of God was

much felt, and Sunday night we closed with six precious souls in the fountain. Altogether we are having very good times. Monday night we also rejoiced in seeing four more souls at the mercy seat. To God we give all the glory.

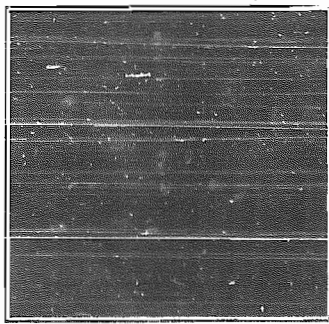
Thirteen Souls.

Newcastle.—Since last report many wonders have taken place in this town—hearts have been cleansed, lives are changed, and homes which were once hells upon earth have been transformed into little heavens.

The Army is the centre of attraction. On Christmas Day three of our comrades, who since their conversion have been working in the woods, were sworn in as soldiers. At night four sin-sick souls made room in their hearts for the Christ of Bethlehem. On Monday night we held our junior jubilee and Christmas tree. The barracks was packed and the children excited all past efforts. At the close Santa Claus made his appearance and was warmly welcomed by all. After distributing a present to each of the children, we made our way to the junior hall, where a fine repast had been prepared by the "Ladies Aid Society" of the Salvation Army. Our total night's income was \$25.00. Our watchnight service was looked forward to with strong faith, and we were not disappointed. Brother Bertie Wyse took charge, and ten new soldiers were enrolled at two minutes past twelve o'clock. The first to enter upon a new life was the wife of a week-old convert, followed by three others. In the afternoon a backslider returned to the fold, and at night five more made their peace with God. Among those to testify at night was a convert who said that last New Year's Day she had her trunk packed with whiskey, but to-day her heart is full of salvation. Where two months ago we marched out with six or seven, on Sunday night our march numbered forty-two. To God we give the glory.—Stroce.

One Backslider Reclaimed.

North Sydney.—Holiness meeting Christmas Day was led by Serjt.-Major Way, who has taken charge of the youthful brigade. He is doing noble work in the great salvation war. Frosty though it was, the soldiers didn't flinch, but kept the fire burning. They started to the open-air at 8 p.m. sharp, where they found snowbanks in front of them, snowbanks in the rear of them, snowbanks to the left of them, and snowbanks to the right of them, but, praise the Lord, this failed to cool their zeal, or stay the open-air. The soldiers started right on firing red-hot shot and ball at the devil's ranks as sinners listened or passed to and fro. They returned to the barracks and God wonderfully blessed their efforts. One old backslider by faith returned to the fold. Ensign Mrs. Bowering, with Capt. Melkie, left for home, delighted over the wonderful salvation meeting they held at North Sydney Christmas Day, 1904. Hallelujah!



Brother Wheelock and Family, Kingston, Ont.

Visited the Hospital.

Charlottetown.—We had the pleasure of visiting the P. B. I. Hospital on New Year's, and giving them a number of glazes and carols. Dear old Father Pearson is sinking fast. It will tear our hearts to see him go, but he has richly earned his crown and mansion. Miss Ellis and other comrades are in the embrace of la grippe. We are having continued success in soul-saving, under Ensign and Mrs. Piercy. Everybody is voting them "All right," and so says —H.

East Ontario and Quebec Province.

Six Souls.

Peterboro.—We are having victory on every hand. S.-M. Stevenson, with the War Cry brigade, is selling out every week, and our band has been out—renewing at the New Year. They collected more money than they have done for years. Although the devil kicks, we mean by the help of God to face the foe, to battle go, and never run away. Six souls knelt at the mercy seat Sunday. Truly victory is on Israel's side.

Still Alive.

Sunbury, Ont.—Sunbury is still alive. God is with us. Our New Year's festival was very enjoyable. The D. O. paid a visit to the corps, which was a great privilege for those present, the sum of \$3.00 being realized.—An Onlooker.

Two Souls.

Kingston, Ont.—God is pouring out His Spirit upon us of late. Souls coming to His feet and taking their stand for the Army. Watchnight a season of blessing. Some dear comrades, unable to get out, had a special session with God at home. Facing profit of it in meetings. Good Sunday (New Year's Day). Two souls. Finished with old-fashioned march round building. Believing for further evidence of God's blessing and presence.—C. A. Perry.

Twenty-Four Souls.

New Aberdeen.—We are having grand times in this place. God is blessing us in a wonderful manner. Since Capt. and Mrs. Smith have taken charge, we have had the joy of seeing a great number of souls saved. In two weeks twenty-four souls cried to God for pardon. On New Year's night twelve yielded to God. We had a visit from the G. B. M. Agent, Ensign Leadley, and his service was enjoyed by all. On Sunday afternoon we had the commissioning of local officers. Eighteen received their commission.—M. McGregor.

A Series of Interesting Times.

Newport.—Another year has rolled into eternity, and we have begun the New Year with the determination to win souls for the Master. At the watch-night service one brother re-consecrated himself anew, and in the holiness meeting on New Year's Day another brother sought sanctification. Monday night we had our Christmas tree and the J. S. annual at the same time. The children sang and recited, and altogether we had a happy time.—Sec. F. Webster.

Two Souls.

Ottawa II.—Still onward we are marching. Victory is our battle cry. God is with us. We were delighted to have with us on Sunday afternoon our Provincial Officer, Brigadier Turner, who, with the assistance of No. I. Land, conducted a very interesting and profitable service. Capt. Batrick led the meeting at night. Two souls found pardon in the week-end meetings. Yet there's more to follow. Come again, Brigadier and Captain.—S. A. and D. P. S.

Nine Souls.

Sherbrooke, Que.—God's power has been made manifest in the saving of precious souls. Nine have recently sought him, and are bravely taking their stand for God. On Sunday evening we had Rev. W. Shaver with us; his practical talk was much enjoyed.—Gladys.

Seven Souls.

Montreal I.—God has blessed us wonderfully. We praise Him for victory. Our week-end meetings were times of blessing. Soldiers in for greater things. March before the watchnight service. Soldiers and converts at the inside meetings were blessed. The free-and-easy was a blessed time when four precious souls gave themselves to God. At night two more came, making seven for the week-end. Ensign and Mrs. Gillam have got things well in hand.—Mike.

Central Ontario Province.

Specials at Yorkville.

Yorkville.—The visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Friedrich to the corps proved a great blessing to all. The crowds were good, the collections were better, and the two good cases of conversion which took place was the best. Praise God for His goodness. This makes a total of thirty-six since the present officers arrived. The Lieut.-Colonel was assisted by Mrs. Colonel Jacobson and Staff-Capt. Kerr, and at night by Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Allwell. The Colonel's Bible lessons were both interesting and instructive. The subject at night brought conviction straight to the sinner's heart. The soldiers turned out well and did their part in the meetings. They are praying for a barracks. May the Lord open up the way so this may be possible. Yorkville is a splendid district and contains many Army friends.—Captain Meeka.

An Interesting Time.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.—Tuesday, Jan. 3rd, was a meeting long to be remembered. Two of the soldiers and recruits met at the barracks at 7.30 p.m., and from there marched to the quarters with arms laden with good cheer for the officers. To say that Adj. Parsons and his good wife was surprised would not be saying much, for a more astonished couple could not be found, I do believe, in the two Soos, and until 10.30 p.m., we had a good time singing, and praising God. Each comrade has promised that by the help of God, he or she will try and lead some poor wanderer back to God, or at least bring someone within hearing of the Gospel. God bless our Army the world over during this great Siege campaign.—W. H. Thompson.

Four Souls.

Chesterley.—Since last report God has been with us, crowning and blessing our labors. Two have sought the blessing of a clean heart, and two more, who stepped aside for some time, have again come to the front, and are fighting for God and the Army. The grass does not get time to grow under Capt. Currell's feet. She is a hustler. The Christmas Cry was a beauty. They sold like hot cakes.—Rambler.

Nine Souls.

Midland.—We are having wonderful times in this part of the field. Began the New Year in great faith for an outpouring of God's Spirit, and were not disappointed, for before the first day was over we felt that the droppings had begun. We were cheered by a visit from an old comrade, Capt. Mallon, who was converted in our corps about seventeen years ago, and after spending two years as a soldier left us for the field, where God has used him in bringing others to the fold. It was encouraging to meet him after fifteen years' absence, and to learn that he was still going on to do the Master's will. We felt that he was truly a man of God, and his visit has been a great blessing to us all. We had glorious times while he was here, and we felt that the Saturday and Sunday that he was with us was far too short. Before the next meeting closed two souls sought and found salvation; and this is not the only victory we have to report, for on the following Friday night two more dear sisters yielded to the striving of God's Spirit and left the barracks saved. Then on the next Sunday night our hearts were made glad by five more leaving the enemy's ranks and enlisting for our King, among them being a mother and her two sons, this making a total of nine souls for the first week in the New Year. To God we give all the glory and praise forward to greater things in the future.—S. F. V.

West Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. HARGRAVE AT THE FRONT.

Provincial Staff at St. Thomas—Good Meetings—A Wedding and Fifteen Souls.

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and Major Rawling, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, will long live in our memories. The open-air Saturday night was led by the Major. Crowds followed to the barracks. The watchnight service was led by Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave and Major Rawling. A goodly crowd was present. Two souls knelt at the cross. After a red-hot prayer meeting we had a march, headed by the band; next to us, we had a fine crowd following us. Sunday morning, splendid service. The band played "Book of Ages." The Brigadier's address was followed by one of Mrs. Hargrave's favorite songs, "Weary and tired of sin." 12 a.m. finds the place in a boll; old soldiers, who were once the greatest drunkards in the town, giving God the glory. Two souls at the cross for sanctification. Afternoon, 2 p.m., another monster open-air service, led by the Brigadier. Great crowds gathered to hear the message of truth. Inside at 8, old-time free-and-easy meeting. Major Rawling read from the sacred book. Testimony meeting went with a swing. Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave then gripped the crowd with a salvation talk. Night, 7 p.m., wonderful open-air service, big crowds gathered to listen and followed us to the Citadel, where we had a large congregation. Mrs. Brigadier Hargrave delivered the message of God to the audience, basing her remarks upon, "This year thou shalt die." Hard fight in prayer meeting, but we had the victory—four souls at the cross. 10 p.m. the break came, the building deluged with waves of salvation sweeping

other ten souls into the fountain, making fourteen for week-end.

Hallelujah Wedding.

Monday, at 2.30, another glorious march, followed up by a glory-hallelujah meeting, conducted by the Brigadier. The Brigadier gave us one of his salvation talks, which was much enjoyed by the audience. Another soul at the cross. 8 p.m., the hallelujah wedding of Bro. Bridle and Sister Stalk. A large audience present. The Brigadier is on the bridge again. He thoroughly explained the marriage vows to the happy couple. They answered very joyfully, "I will." The knot is tied. Mrs. Prigadier Hargrave favors us with a very appropriate song, "Evermore Thine," when Brother and Sister Hunt spoke a few words. The newly-wedded couple then sang a salvation song together, when they both had a few words for Jesus. Bro. Bridle referred to the important step they had just taken; he only hoped it would lead them to greater devotion to God and the Army. We all wish them God-speed. The visit of our Provincial Commander and his wife, as well as the D. O. Major Rawling, has proved a great source of blessing to all concerned. Fifteen souls sought salvation, and \$49 income for week-end.—J. Strain, War Correspondent.



Dad Manton Has a Good Time.

Petrolia corps has just been favored with a visit from Staff-Capt. Manton. My, how the people enjoyed the meetings; the power of the Holy Ghost was in our midst. The people laughed, cried, and shouted for joy. Oh, it was glorious! "Smiles and Tears," and "Matrimonial Muddles," were listened to with rapt attention. Everybody got a blessing and want the Staff-Captain to come back. Crowds were the largest for years, every seat occupied on Sunday night in both the seniors' and juniors' hall. Rev. Mr. Berry on platform as happy as a lark and as free as a Salvationist. Glory! Finances double the last. The Staff-Captain is commended by all the soldiers to carry the love of the Commissioner, and to ask him to pay them a visit early. Many remember when he visited here years ago. Praise God for all His goodness.—Skipper.

Twenty Souls.

London.—Some signs of a revival we must admit. The Spirit among us since watchnight service. An old-fashioned soldiers' roll-call last Wednesday night was enjoyed. Converts set everything on fire. Large number of soldiers and converts present. The Friday night holiness meeting was a good one. The free-and-easy Saturday night was a surprise to all. Large enthusiastic crowd came, whether without any special announcement. Sunday was the glorious day. Knee-drill was an eye-opener. Good number present. At the holiness meeting the break came, six came out for holiness. A little girl was given to God and the Army. Night meeting, six more came out for salvation; seven children came out also, making a total for the day of twenty. We are going in for two weeks' special revival meetings, beginning Jan. 15th. We are turning the soldiers and converts into revivalists. We are looking to God for the outpouring of His Spirit. Holiness standard is raised up. Some of the soldiers are coming out grand, others we are praying for. Victory must come.—Red Hot.

North-West Province.

Believing for the Future.

Medicine Hat.—We can report victory through the blood. Another year has passed, and although it has not been without its hard fights, and its trials, and temptations, we are glad to report it has seen its many victories, and we enter upon the new year more determined than ever.—Mayflower.



Portage in Prairie Barracks.

Bauson and Lenwick. Last week two men gave themselves to God, followed by a dear sister. New Year's Eve, open-air, march, good crowds. March at 11 o'clock. No other good crowd inside. Another grand rally and march at 1 o'clock on New Year's morning. People roused to the necessity of serving God. 11 o'clock holiness meeting, God came very near. One poor fellow badly wounded; comrades deal with him. Severe engagement between our Christ and the powers of hell, but at last, through faith, the poor fellow falls down on his knees and surrenders all to King Jesus. Afternoon free-and-easy, splendid time. Soldiers had great liberty. Tough fight in the prayer meeting—hand-to-hand conflict. A dear woman leads the way, followed by a brother. Both testified to having obtained what they sought after. Our comrade who came to God in the holiness meeting has testified in every meeting since that he is determined to serve Him to the end. Another dear comrade out for more against our soldiers' meeting. We can see signs of deep conviction on the faces of the unsaved, and are desponding for a mighty smash in the enemy's ranks.—Omas. W. McGee.

Pacific Province.

A New Corps to be Opened.

Helena, Mont.—Last Sunday night's meeting was conducted by Adj. Dowell, Ensign Stevens, and Capt. Huskinson. God was present with us, and the meeting was an old-time one. Ensign Stevens and Cand. Braatz are leaving us for Livingston to reopen a corps there.—S. M. C. P.

Six Souls.

Victoria, B. C.—Praise the Lord! Victoria corps is still on the war path against sin and the devil. We have had the pleasure of welcoming to our corps Capt. Jones and Capt. Knudson, who are determined by the help of God to extend His Kingdom in Victoria. Since last report we have had six souls out for mercy. The meetings are becoming more interesting, and the attendance is getting better, for which we thank the Lord. The soldiers and bandmen turn out very good in spite of the disagreeable weather, and we all with one accord are going in for blessed times during this New Year.—A Soldier.

Many Lay Their Burdens Down.

Spokane, Wash.—We are still living. The devil is putting up a stiff fight, but God is with us. We are going to win. Rest easy, for the soldiers of Spokane corps are alive to their opportunities. Conviction has taken possession of sinners this week. Many have laid their burdens down, and have found that peace that passeth all understanding.—A Soldier.

A Successful Time.

Vancouver.—On Monday evening, 5.30, we had a soldiers' tea. Seniors and juniors, and a few of the Army friends—altogether over a hundred—did ample justice. I assure you, to the many good things provided so bountifully. After supper we had our regular march and indoor meeting, at which we had an enrolment of seven recruits, and Sister Barker, who has been an officer for quite a few years, also became a soldier of our corps, making a total of eight for the evening. Hallelujah! The number is not as large as we would have wished, yet we believe each one is staunch and true. After the enrolment we had several pieces of music by our excellent band, singing and speaking, and again Capt. and Mrs. Jackson's little daughters, Pearl and Elsie, gave us "The Flag Drill," and "The Telephone." Too much cannot be said in their favor, for the able manner in which the pieces were rendered, and given to the full satisfaction and enjoyment of all present. Staff-Capt. Goodwin, Capt. West, and all comrades who had the burden of getting up the supper and festival, and bringing the same to such a successful issue, truly deserve honorable mention. The Lord is with us and blessing us. We are looking forward to a grand and glorious time at the coming of our dear Commissioner, and feel sure that Vancouver will give them a right royal welcome. God bless him. Amen.—H. N. M. N.

Four Souls.

Mt. Vernon.—Our corps started the New Year right by holding watchnight service, with two open-air meetings, on Saturday night at 7.30 and 10.30 o'clock, when large crowds attended both meetings. We ushered in the New Year promptly at midnight by the enrolment of four recruits. God's Holy Spirit was present, and at the close of the meeting four souls came forward for peace and pardon, two of them backsliders of several years' standing. Oh, praise God for souls! They have all taken their stand for God. Bless His dear name for ever. Expansion and truth. Capt. and Mrs. West, two of the leading planks in our platform, and we were compelled to enlarge our platform in order to have seats for all the new recruits to our corps. Let the good work go on.

PROMOTED TO GLORY.

GONE TO A FAIRER WORLD.

Lippincott.—Death has again visited the home of our comrades, Sister and Brother Anthony, and taken from them their precious, darling baby, Susie. She was just loaned to them for eleven short months. They will miss her much. God has helped them to say, "Thy will be done."—S. G. S.

DANIEL WHITE PROMOTED.

The late Mr. Daniel White, father of the writer, was converted in the Army at Bowmanville, in 1884, under Capt. Ada Hind (now Mrs. Robt. McHardy). He became an active soldier of the corps, and built the Army barracks in that town. A few years later he removed to Toronto, and in this city last Saturday, Jan. 7th, at the ripe age of 81 years, he passed away to be with Jesus. The writer conducted the service, assisted by Mrs. McHardy, Staff-Captain Attwell, and Adj. Hyde.

Father White was of a very retiring disposition, yet his quiet life was consistent, and all who knew him were impressed with his sincerity. A few years an intelligent, well-read man, a true gentleman, courteous and kind; an agreeable neighbor, and a loyal citizen. He had no bad habits and fewer faults than most men. He loved the Army, and nothing was more pleasing to him than to hear of its successes and onward march. Although of late years he had been confined to the house, yet he never lost his interest in the war, and it was his constant prayer that God might bless and prosper the Army.

"The fight at night is over,
He's fought the battle well,
His home will be for ever
The land where angels dwell."

The Commissioner's Western Tour.

(Continued from page 9.)

backslider beside a most desperate sinner with a bitter confession and restitution to make. Others groaned in agony of spirit, but deliverance was at hand. The penitent form and registration work, well arranged, was properly carried out, every seeker being thoroughly dealt with. Eleven souls obtained pardon in that glorious afternoon's meeting.

Thrilling Scenes at the Theatre.

The Winnipeg Theatre—the ground of many a glorious Salvation battle—presented a most inspiring appearance, filled, as it was, in every part, in spite of the intense cold and wind storm that prevailed outside, carrying the powdered snow with stinging force into the faces of pedestrians. Prominent citizens occupied the boxes, the stage was filled with band and soldiers, for whom nearly two hundred seats had been brought from the Citadel. So great was the crowd that the police closed the doors to prevent any obstruction of the exits, thus keeping outside many who would have gained admittance, but the large building was gorged and they turned disappointed away. The Commissioner received a rousing reception. After he had commended to God that vast gathering, Brigadier Burditt lined out the opening song.

That packed mass of people, with their earnest, eager faces fixed upon a leader as, with Bible in hand, he stepped forward to read a Scripture portion, was a sight long to be remembered. An intense silence fell solemnly upon the people. The Commissioner seized the grand opportunity as only one can who fully realizes the eternal issues involved. His word-pictures, in graphic language, were only excelled by the direct applications that followed them. Magnetic, powerful, was his description of the great assize. He poured out his heart in streams of tender entreaty. The audience listened with bated breath. One vast sigh of intense conviction escaped as the Commissioner resumed his seat.

While the collection was being taken the band beautifully and fittingly played, "Grace there is my every debt to pay."

The address which followed was a mighty effort. The Commissioner's very spirit was heavy with a longing for the souls of his hearers, which produced utterances that cannot be reproduced in cold type. The deeply-earnest deliverance of the truth drew out the very heart of that vast congregation. The yearning expressed in look and word and action created a solemn, never-to-be-forgotten impression.

The Holy Spirit brooded over the meeting; the arrows of conviction smote hundreds of hearts as the address concluded with warning and entreaty. Tenderly worded was that grand message of hope and mercy.

The first to respond to the call was a young man at the very back of the gallery, who

deliberately arose and made his way downstairs, through the great crowd, to the mercy seat. He was followed by thirteen others, the last three, including husband and wife, stepped out while the Commissioner softly soloed, "Go, bring thy sorrow." There were some truly remarkable cases of conversion.

Officers, soldiers, and bandsmen worked in a most creditable manner. The arrangements were very complete and worked without a hitch.

The Commissioner, extremely tired, but filled with rejoicing, journeyed homeward, and this closed one of the most memorable days in the history of the Winnipeg corps, seventy-four men and women having thus far sought pardon and purity.

The Juniors Visited by the Commissioner.

The children were not forgotten, for the junior corps, which, by the way, is making splendid progress under Sergt-Major Bartlett, received a visit from the Commissioner, who addressed the company meeting, much to the delight of all, before coming to the public meeting in the afternoon.

A BUSY MONDAY.

The splendid triumphs of Sunday stimulated our already high expectations for Monday's meetings.

The Commissioner, ever on the alert to the Army's interests, had some very important interviews with prominent citizens during the morning.

Lunch with the Rescue Officers and an inspection of the Home, which, by the way, reflected creditably upon Adj. Hicks and her assistants, by the very clean and home-like appearance it presented. With the thermometer registering 21 below zero, and a strong westerly wind blowing, the Commissioner, in company with Brigadier Burditt and Dr. Lugden, started out to inspect some building lots, with a view to future developments, paid a visit to the city Men's Shelter, and had an important interview with a leading business gentleman.

A stirring officers' council was conducted by the Commissioner, which will ever be a precious memory to those dear Western officers, who so seldom enjoy such a treat.

A most tempting spread of good things had been provided, to which ample justice was done. The Commissioner spoke some helpful words, and a most enjoyable season was closed with prayer.

Immediately at the conclusion of the tea, every officer was interviewed personally (twenty-five in all) for a few minutes each, before the Commissioner rushed off to the Parliament Buildings for an important interview with the Premier of Manitoba and the Provincial Attorney General.

A Grand Welcome Demonstration.

A crowd, completely filling the spacious Citadel, braved the intense cold on Monday night in anticipation of a grand salvation

"go," and they had every reason to congratulate themselves on being present. Right from the very beginning enthusiasm was at white heat. Officers and soldiers were boiling over with salvation joy. "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," was sung with vim and swing, the band, in full number, leading splendidly.

Preliminaries over, Captain Coombs sang "Salvation is the best thing." Adj. Alward gave an earnestly-affectionate welcome address on behalf of Winnipeg corps, in which he most touchingly referred to his conversion in the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, N.B., being brought about through the singing of a song by Commissioner Coombs.

Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor, who followed in an address on behalf of the women-warriors, was greatly moved, and spoke with evident emotion, tearfully thanking the Commissioner for all the inspiration and blessing he had been to her since quite a girl. She was a Lieutenant under his command in the early days of Salvation warfare in Canada.

Brigadier Burditt, the last speaker, was greeted with tremendous cheering, and his stirring address was to the liking of the crowd, who frequently applauded his remarks. The Brigadier excelled himself as, on behalf of the North-West troops, he pledged loyalty to the Commissioner and a stern determination to carry to success those objects that lay nearest our leader's heart. It was a manly, spiritual, loving, loyal speech.

The General Secretary then introduced the Commissioner, who, on rising, was received with tremendous clapping, cheering, volleying, repeated again and again, accompanied by bandsmen blowing their horns.

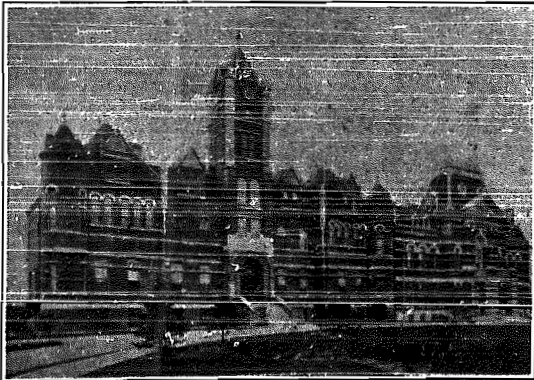
Order being restored, the Commissioner quickly brought the audience face to face with sin, soul-weakness, indifference, ingratitude, showing the bitter harvest which surely followed swiftly in the path of wrong-doing. Standing on the Bible he declared in trumpet-voice that vibrated with divine intensity that "on the authority of the Word of God" there was hope and mercy for the vilest. The spirit of conviction swayed the gathering like standing corn before the wind.

Soon tears of sorrow gave place to tears of joy. The officers and soldiers worked well. Scores of men wept like children, and yet would not yield. One man declared he would sooner go to hell than surrender to God, owing to a confession he would have to make.

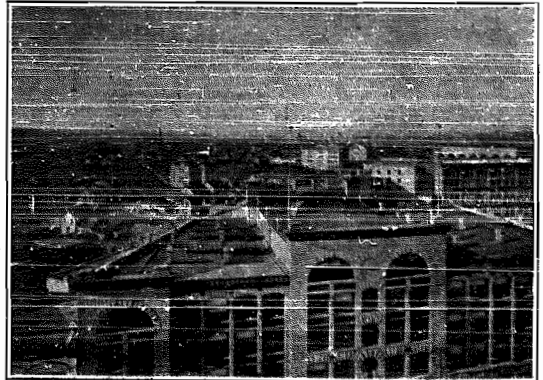
Picture, if you can, the Citadel almost filled at ten o'clock, fishers gently pleading with the halting ones, songs and prayers rising in pathetic entreaty, the crying of the seekers, the joy of the soldiers. Fourteen, nearly all men, had stepped into the Kingdom as a visible result of that meeting, making eighty-eight captures for the week-end.

Tired as he was, our devoted leader had a final word with his gallant troops before tenderly committing them to the keeping of Him "who faileth not."

But this was not the end. A few officers had yet to be interviewed before the day's labor finally closed, and the Winnipeg campaign passed into history.



The Law Courts, Winnipeg



View of Winnipeg, Looking Towards the Residential Section.

The Way of the WORLD

The War.

Port Arthur has fallen; General Nogi has taken possession of the fortress; the Russian defenders marched out with the honors of war to be transferred to Japanese prisons, while General Stossel and a few of his officers have gone to Russia on parole. Yet the war goes on. Increasing activity seems to be the immediate result. The Russians sent a raiding force on a wide detour, to raid New Chwang and destroy railway communications. They succeeded in damaging the railroad, which has been quickly repaired, but were driven off with a loss of 300 men. The Japanese are being reinforced with men released by the surrender of Port Arthur, and frequent skirmishes are taking place.

The Baltic fleet has not been recalled, and it is now expected that a naval engagement between the two fleets may take place in the Indian Ocean. This, of course, is conjecture. The Japanese accuse Russia of trespassing upon neutral China territory, and also of using French ports on the Island of Madagascar. The Russians accuse Japan of breach of neutrality by using a Chinese island in the Yellow Sea for a naval station, as well as a British harbor for their present operations in the Indian Ocean.

Sacred Song Checked Him.

J. W. Bess, who murdered Mrs. Martha McQuinn Martin two years ago, was hanged recently at Lexington, Ky. Shortly before the execution the condemned man confessed that he intended to commit suicide with a knife blade which he had carried concealed in his mouth, but upon hearing a sacred song by children near the jail, had changed his mind.

Children Shot by Savages.

Whatever sympathy existed in Cape Colony with the Hottentots in South-West Africa in their struggle against the Germans has been extinguished by the terrible stories of native atrocities on women and children brought by a refugee, Mrs. Bothma, to a Cape Police Camp on the Orange River.

Mrs. Bothma states that one farm on the German side of the Orange River was visited by seventy Hottentots, who shot six men in cold blood and afterwards murdered five children, one of them an infant only eighteen months old.

At another place the natives wounded a little boy of five years, who tried to hide himself among his brothers and sisters, and begged the savages to spare his life. But they tore him from his mother's arms and shot him, together with his father.

Tribal War in India.

Two native chiefs in the north-west frontier provinces—the Nawab of Dir and the Khan of Nawagai—are at war with each other, and fighting has begun between their tribes. The chief of Nawagai has captured a fort from the chief of Dir. A British movable column is advancing to the scene of trouble. It will keep open the lines of communication with Chitral, and possibly will assist the chief of Dir.

German Miners' Strike.

More coal miners have gone on strike in the Ruhr region. It is now estimated that ninety-one collieries are involved, and that the men on strike number 110,000. Proclamation of a general strike is expected. Troops are on the way to reinforce the local gendarmerie in the disturbed districts.

Two Thousand Skulls in Shrine.

News has been received from West Africa of the destruction by the British in Southern Nigeria of two Ju-ju houses belonging to the Andoni tribe, in which ghastly atrocities were reported to have taken place.

The first of these pagan temples was found

to be a veritable "Golgotha," over 2,000 skulls being counted, neatly arranged and fixed to the walls and posts of the house. After an inspection the place was set on fire.

Some days later a chief, a Ju-ju priest, and a principal man of the town of Owere, who were found to be connected with a "bush ju-ju," were arrested. This second shrine was reached after a canoe journey up a tortuous creek. Finally, the British party arrived at small hut, completely closed in with vegetation, the interior being so dark that it was necessary to tear down the walls before it was possible to see what the place contained.

A Fanatic Caught.

A man calling himself Gessler Rousseau, arrested with an infernal machine, admits he tried to blow up the steamer Umbria and the Statue of Frederick the Great. The police are inquiring in Toronto if he is a brother of Karl Dullman, the Welland Canal dynamiter.

A Spirit Lamp Causes Fire.

A fire which is said to have been started by the overrunning of an alcohol lamp, over which some of the girls were cooking a dish of "fudge," totally destroyed Lawrence Hall, the ladies' dormitory at the St. Cloud, Minn., Normal School. The loss is \$35,000; insurance, \$13,000.

Of No Use to Anybody.

A young clerk in a Toronto drug store committed suicide by drinking prussic acid. He left a note to his parents asking them to forgive him for what he was about to do, as he had come to the conclusion he was of no use to himself or anybody belonging to him—a sad conclusion to come to at his time of life.

Latest News of the C. O. P.

P. O. at Bracebridge—Band News—J. S. S.-M. Elected as Mayor—Revival Fire Spreading.

The P. O. and Capt. DeBow have just returned from a week-end's meetings at Bracebridge, and report excellent times, although a Muskoka blizzard raged all day Sunday. Fourteen souls knelt at the mercy seat, the majority of them for purity of heart and life. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond, the devoted D. O's, had secured the Town Hall for the afternoon and night meetings. In the afternoon the hall was filled with an appreciative audience. The P. O. conducted five meetings for the Sunday, one of these being a junior meeting.

Staff-Capt. Coombs has had the Temple platform enlarged so that the most of the soldiers can be accommodated. This is a very good sign.

Capt. Pynn has organized a Songsters Brigade at St. Catharines. Perhaps some other corps can do likewise.

Dovercourt Band is making headway under the direction of the new Bandmaster, Brother Paekham.

Staff-Capt. Attwell succeeds Major Creighton in taking command of the Lippincott Band, which has made such wonderful strides, not only musically, but also numerically, during the last few months.

Mrs. Brigadier Pickering, who has recently taken command of the Newmarket Corps, is in excellent spirits, and is very hopeful of a good winter's campaign there. The Commissioner, with a band and a number of Territorial and Provincial Headquarters Staff, is doing a meeting there on Jan. 30th.

Omeme.—Capt. Richards is forging ahead. God has been pleased recently to graciously pour out His Spirit upon the town, and a

number of those converted are Candidates for the work.

Our J. S. S.-M. at Dundas has been elected Mayor of the town. Another J. S. worker in another town in the Province has been elected Alderman.

Revival work is spreading in the Province. Adj. Newman, of Barrie, has been having wonderful times, and a number of souls have been saved recently. The same may be said of the Temple, Lippincott, Yorkville, Riverside, Lindsay, Hamilton, Feversham, and other places.

Adj. Wakefield is visiting a great many corps in the Province, with the moving picture exhibition of the International Congress. Staff-Capt. Morris and Capt. DeBow's recent tour with these pictures created a great impression, being a "cheer up" to the soldiers and an "eye-opener" to the public. We predict that Adj. Wakefield will have a good time.

West Ontario Revivals.

Brigadier Hargrave Visits T. H. Q. and Tells of Blessed Soul-Saving Work in His Province.

We were pleased to shake hands with Brigadier Hargrave, who visited T.H.Q. on business.

As the topic of the hour is "Revival," we naturally inquired as to the progress of the soul-saving work in West Ontario, and were cheered with glad news.

"There is quite a local revival going on at Essex," said the Brigadier. "Last Sunday they had eleven souls. London, also, is in the midst of a special soul-saving campaign, catching thirteen fish last Sunday. Brantford had thirteen the previous week, when Windsor reported fifteen; and hopeful news reaches us from other corps.

"We are having a big change this week, affecting about twenty corps, after which, we hope, the good work will go ahead with renewed vigor."

Inquiring how the junior work is progressing, we learn that there has also been a good beginning with the New Year. Petrolia, St. Thomas, and London each have added two new J. S. companies to their number, and Petrolia has again begun a Band of Love. Chatham will follow suit. Interest in the children is increasing and will be utilized to organize the J. S. work everywhere.

The Brigadier has put his name down for a vigorous revival campaign. Watch the reports from his Province.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAM-ROCK.

As a Salvationist was entering one of our Dublin halls a few weeks ago, she was stopped by a sad-looking, respectfully-dressed young woman.

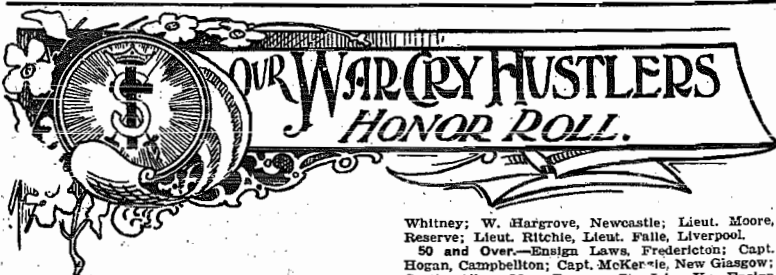
"Are they saving here to-night?" asked the stranger anxiously.

"Do you want to get saved to-night?" asked the soldier.

"Yes," replied the other. Then pointing to a couple of girls standing by, she continued, "They got converted on Tuesday night at Mrs. Hoggard's meeting, and I want to get saved, too."

The Salvationist took the young woman into the meeting, and when the Lieutenant invited sinners to come to the penitent form she responded at once, and found salvation.

Thank God, "they are saving" at the Salvation Army every night.



Newfoundland Still Absent, but Not Forgotten—The Pacific and North-West in Disgrace—The Boom Editor's Photograph Appears.

Is it any wonder the wrinkles come on the boom Editor's forehead as he glances at the Competition List this week? The East is ahead—a foregone conclusion, of course. That particular Province always heads the roll; that is, when Colonel Sharp's boom reporter does not forget to send the names of the hustlers along. This is a rare exception to the rule, but that occurred last week.

Where's Newfoundland? Isn't it exasperating? If I could only get there and put a charge of boom dynamite in the Provincial Office—the same refers to Brigadier Burditt and his staff in the West.



Scenes in Warcrydom.

Isn't it really enough to make the boomer man run his fingers wildly through his hair, and act as though his days were full of distressing happenings.

Hustlers, I congratulate you all. You are the joy of my life. If it were not for my my cup of sorrow would be full.

Eastern Province.

153 Hustlers.

Mrs. Beatty, Fredericton	309
Capt. March, Glace Bay	303
Capt. Long, New Glasgow	190
Capt. Murroughs, St. John I.	185
Lieut. Clark, Chatham	170
Mrs. Gregory, Fredericton	160
Lieut. Glen, Sussex	150
Wallace Buntin, Springhill	150
Mrs. Cooper, St. John I.	150
Capt. Netting, Truro	140
Lieut. Thistle, St. Stephen	138
Ensign Martin, Sydney	130
Lieut. McKee, Sydney	130
Cadet Hardwick, Newcastle	120
Capt. Forsey, Chatham	103
P. S.-M. Mac, Chatham	103
D. Martin, Glace Bay	103
Capt. Melkie, North Sydney	100
Sergt. Chislett, North Sydney	100
H. Barnard, Eastport	100
T. Davis, Annapolis	100
Lieut. Ramsey, Halifax I.	100
P. S.-M. Mac, Chatham	100
Sergt. McQueen, Moncton	100
Mrs. Chambers, Calais	100
Capt. Weakley, Ridgeway	100
Sergt. McFarlane, Sydney	100

90 and Over—Ensign Bowering, North Sydney; Capt. Strothard, Moncton; Treasurer Young, Lunenburg; Ensign Green, Capt. Mercer, Woodstock; Capt. Backus, Yarmouth.

80 and Over—Capt. McDonald, Fredericton; N. Smith, New Aberdeen; Capt. Hogan, Campbellton; Ensign Campbell, St. John V.; Capt. Conrad, Digby; Sergt. Jackson, Calais.

70 and Over—Lieut. Berry, Kentville; Mrs. Armstrong, Houlton; Adjt. Wiggins, Halifax I.; Lieut. Luther, Louisbourg; John Jones, Capt. Newell, Springhill; Capt. Brace, Sackville; Jessie Irons, Windsor; Capt. James, Sydney Mines.

60 and Over—W. Crosby, Glace Bay; Ensign Percy, Charlottetown; Lieut. Selig, Westville; Capt. Greenslade, Sergt. Robinson, Amherst; Capt. Tatem,

Whitney; W. Hargrove, Newcastle; Lieut. Moore, Reserve; Lieut. Ritchie, Lieut. Fells, Liverpool.

50 and Over—Ensign Laws, Fredericton; Capt. Hogan, Campbellton; Capt. McKee, New Glasgow; Gerlie Allen, May Turney, St. John V.; Ensign Prince, Lieut. Wydale, Carleton; Captain Bassingthwaite; Lieut. Galway, Bridgewater; Capt. Caverden, Lieut. Grant, Clark's Harbor; Capt. McLellan, Dominion; Capt. Hebb, Stellarton; Sergt. Doyle, Halifax IV.; Capt. Legge, Bear River; Ensign Anderson, Truro; Cadet Crosby, Glace Bay; Brother McLean, Londonderry; Ensign Carter, Mrs. Carter, Yarmouth.

40 and Over—Sergt. England, Chatham; Sergt. Worth, Lena McCullum, Charlottetown; Sergt. Scott, Westville; Sergt. Hudson, Treas. Brown, Halifax II.; Alice Watts, Alice Hooper, Halifax I.; Sister Morrison, Houlton; Cadet Bragdon, Calais; Cadet Hazleton, Lieut. Jones, Hillsboro; Lily Patrick, Captain White, Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.; Cand. Simmons, Sister Wilkie, Lunenburg; Capt. McWilliams, St. Stephen; Bessie Sharpam, Windsor; Capt. McGillivray, Summerside; Ensign Clark, Sergt. Hatfield, Parrsboro; S.-M. McAlmon, Londonderry; Lieut. McWilliams, Bridgetown.

30 and Over—Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton; Captain Traflet, Kentville; J. Morrison, Glace Bay; Lieut. Taylor, North Head; Capt. Armstrong Houlton; I. Chedour, Campbellton; W. McCulloch, Halifax II.; E. Swain, Mrs. Robertson, Halifax I.; Lieut. McKay, Whitney; Lieut. McMaster, Capt. McKie, Canning; Mrs. Lorimer, Sister Hurry, Moncton; R. Reid, Minnie McLellan, Sergt. Cram, St. John I.; Lieut. Lee, Sackville; Lieut. Crowell, Jack Scott, Dominion; Mrs. Dakin, Capt. Dakin, Halifax IV.; Capt. Ogilvie, Lieut. Emery, Fairville.

20 and Over—J. Lyons, Mrs. Ross, Fredericton; R. Day, Glace Bay; Ola Bond, New Aberdeen; Bessie Seaman, New Aberdeen; Ensign Percy, Charlottetown; Mrs. Moren, Mrs. Currie, John Justifion, North Sydney; Nelson Lorimer, Howard Baton, Ensign Miller, Westville; Ensign Allen, Mabel Smyth, Harry Simpson, Halifax I.; Lizzie Buntin, William Price, Springhill; Sister Young, Lieut. Robinson, Lunenburg; Ellen Green, Capt. Speck, Monte Ladd, Inverness; Ensign Brushett, A. Hamilton, Windsor; Lieut. Harris, May Primmer, Summerside; Capt. Elliot, North Head.

West Ontario Province.

89 Hustlers.

Mrs. Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas	200
Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll	200
Capt. Lighthourne, Seaford	200
Mrs. Teft, Chatham	163
Lieut. Beckingham, Stratford	150
Capt. Cinnansmith, Guelph	150
Lieut. Setter, Brantford	150
Mrs. Adjt. Snow, Simcoe	145
Capt. Woods, London	132
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Woodstock	125
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	125
Lieut. Matler, Goderich	110
Lieut. Carter, Goderich	108
Capt. Richardson, Ridgeway	105
Capt. Malley, Thorndon	105
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Wallaceburg	100
Capt. Burton, Woodstock	100
Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Petrolia	100
Capt. Hippert, Kingsville	100
Ensign LeCocq, St. Thomas	100
Sergt. Proctor, London	100
Mrs. Capt. Sharpe, Ingersoll	100

90 and Over—Lieut. Brown, Sarnia; Sergt. Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia.

80 and Over—Ensign Crego, Sarnia.

70 and Over—Sister McDougall, Goderich; Mrs. Cinnansmith, Stratford; Capt. McLeod, Deseronto; Adjt. Sims, Petrolia; Lieut. Simpson, Ensign Wilson, Capt. Sergt. Garndle, London; Staff-Capt. DesBrisay, Brantford.

60 and Over—Capt. Fennacy, Strathroy; Lieut. Askin, Seaford; Mrs. Adjt. Blow, Chatham; Capt. Boyd, Clinton; Adjt. Kendall, London; Mrs. Harding, Brantford.

50 and Over—Capt. Green, Palmerston; Capt. Horwood, Stratford; Captain Pattenden, S.-M. Cutting, Essex; Capt. Bonney, Norwich; S.-M. Bryden, Windsor; Lieut. Turner, Clinton; Captain Kitchen, Lieut. Cunningham, Leamington; Captain Pickle, Elmheim; Capt. Young, Bothwell.

40 and Over—Capt. Thompson, Lieut. Gilbank, Paris; Sec. Gilders, Hespeler; Capt. Stover, Lieut. Dunn, Aylmer; Roy Cinnansmith, Guelph; Bro. Palmer, London.

30 and Over—Bro. Sipes, Woodstock; Mrs. Capt. Kerswell, Listowel; Capt. Hnaley, Lieut. Walldorf, Forest; Capt. Thompson, Theford; Sister Street, Stratford; C.-C. Thompson, Windsor; Mary Ball, Chatham; S.-M. Blackwell, Petrolia; Sister Hudson, London.

20 and Over—Mrs. Campbell, Woodstock; Captain Kerswell, Listowel; Sister L. Dolson, Treas. Masteron, Bro. Gilders; S.-M. Driesinger, Lieut. Robinson, Hespeler; Bro. Musgrove, Wroxeter; Grace Green,

Ruth, Green, Palmerston; C.-C. Cable, Mrs. Lamb, Stratford; Robble Walker, Windsor; Mrs. Captain Cinnansmith, Father Gilders, Guelph; Mrs. Craft, Chatham; Sister Bradt, Deseronto; Sister Blackwell, Mrs. Muller, Seaford; J. Dawson, Leamington; Capt. Cook, Elmheim; Adjt. Snow, Simcoe.

East Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Muichey, Montreal I.	225
P. S.-M. Dudley, Ottawa I.	175
Lieut. Fenold, Millbrook	150
P. S.-M. Snyder, Smith's Falls	140
Mrs. Ensign Rose, Pembroke	130
Lieut. Cole, Quebec	130
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Ottawa I.	125
Lieut. Thompson, Napanee	125
Capt. Hicks, Sherbrooke	120
Capt. Ash, Ottawa II.	110
Lieut. Smith, Ottawa II.	115
Lieut. Millar, Prescott	110
P. S.-M. Raymo, Barre	110
Mrs. Ensign White, Barre	110
Capt. O'Neill, Burlington	100
Lieut. Morris, Burlington	100
Mrs. Ensign Clark, Cornwall	100
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	100

90 and Over—Staff-Capt. Perry, Kingston; S.-M. Stevenson, Peterboro; Lieut. Nelson, St. Johnsbury; Sergt. Rogers, Montreal.

80 and Over—Mrs. Adjt. Jennings, Peterboro. 70 and Over—Mrs. Brown, Kingston; Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Ackerman, Platon; Capt. Oldford, Ottawa I.; Ensign Slater, Campbellford; Sergt. Wales, Ogdensburg; Capt. Bushey, Kemptville; Mrs. Ensign Bradbury, Brockville.

60 and Over—Capt. Allan, Lieut. Osmond, Newport; Mrs. Staff-Captain Perry, Kingston; Ensign Gammalidge, Lieut. Duckworth, Port Hope; Sergt. Hatcher, Montreal I.; Ensign Clark, Cornwall.

50 and Over—Sergt. Wilkie, St. Johnsbury; S.-M. Russell, Millbrook; Capt. Lowrie, Lieut. McCadden, Deseronto.

40 and Over—Mrs. Ensign Gillam, Montreal I.; C.-C. Castleman, Brockville; Capt. Wood, Lieut. Legge, Gananoque; Lieut. Thomas, Capt. Liddell, Trenton.

30 and Over—S.-M. Harbour, Ottawa; Mrs. Coy, Montreal II.; Willie Trimm, Capt. Duncan, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Schnell, Sergt. Armstrong, S.-M. Colley, Montreal I.; Capt. Aylsworth, Ogdensburg; Captain Phillips, Odessa; Sister T. White, Brockville.

20 and Over—Mrs. Dine, Kingston; Marcus Clark, Sec. Jewell, Platon; Sister F. Hope, C.-C. Stevenson, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Vinnette, Peterboro; Sec. Halman, C.-C. Halpenny, Smith's Falls; Capt. Coy, Sister Hippert, P. S.-M. Webber, Montreal II.; Bro. Sandy, Millbrook; Beatrice Frederick, Campbellford; Mrs. Fagerburg, Montreal IV.; Sergt. Vancour, Sergt. Zuegment, Montreal I.; Cadet Weedmarsh, Kemptville; Mrs. Farrington, Burlington; Mrs. La-Londe, Gananoque; Dad Duquet, Trenton; Miss Gillam, Renfrew.

Central Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.

P. S.-M. Jordan, Lippincott	294
Capt. M. Crocker, Sackbury	292
Chad. M. Cable, Cathlamet	202
Sister Coy, Hamilton	180
Capt. Currell, Chesley	140
Mrs. Haskirk, Hamilton I.	135
Adjt. Newman, Barrie	130
Lieut. Pascoe, North Bay	120
Sergt. A. Andrews, Temple	100
Capt. Pynn, St. Catharines	100
Ensign McLeod, Port Hope	100
Capt. Dauberville, St. Ont.	100
Mrs. Burrows, Hamilton I.	100
Capt. Capper, Dovercourt	100
Lieut. Barrett, Collingwood	100

90 and Over—Sergt. Mrs. Moore, Riverdale.

80 and Over—Capt. M. Wade, Burg's Falls. 70 and Over—Capt. Pynn, St. Catharines; Capt. Chislett, Pary Sound; Sergt. Wingate, Temple; Mrs. St. Germaine, Lippincott; Lieut. Bowcock, Orangeville; Lieut. Hurd, Kilmount.

60 and Over—Capt. Walker, Esther St.; Lieut. Jordan, Riverdale; Mrs. Hyde, Lisgar St.

50 and Over—C.-C. Freeman, Lippincott; Sergt.-Major Branigan, Dundas; Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St.; Mrs. Hurd, Lippincott; Ensign Hoddinott, Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Midland.

40 and Over—Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Mrs. W. James, Capt. Calvert, Orillia; Capt. Bond, Fencion Falls; Lieut. McMillan, Fencion Falls; Mary Smith, Uxbridge; Lieut. Stimers, Burg's Falls; Mrs. Smallman, Hamilton I.; Sister Berwick, Staff-Captain Coombs, Temple; Bro. Jeffrey, Chesley; Sergt. Major Young, Newmarket; Mrs. Phillips, Toronto Junction; Adjt. Knight, Lippincott; Capt. McKim, C. C. Richards, Lindsay; Capt. B. Richards, Ormenie.

30 and Over—Capt. Wade, Burg's Falls; Captain Stolliter, Riverdale; Mrs. Parsons, Mich. Soc.; Sergt. Clark, Lippincott; Sergt. Fletcher, Burg's Falls; Capt. E. Meader, Capt. B. Sheppard, Brampton; Mrs. White, Hamilton; Sergt. Allen, Temple; Sergt. Major Calver, Sergt. F. Gibson, Adjt. H. Scott, Bowmanville.

20 and Over—Lieut. Varnell, Capt. Jago, Aurora; Mrs. Hurlighe, Barrie; Mrs. White, Capt. McMillan, Hamilton I.; Capt. Lamb, Newmarket; Adjt. Parsons, Mich. Soc.; Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood; Sergt. Irwin, Lippincott; Bro. Helson, Lindsay; Sister E. H. Helson, Lindsay; Ensign Banks, Uxbridge; S.-M. Campbell, Chesley; Adjt. H. H. Lisgar, Street; Bro. Tuck, Lisgar Street; Mrs. Coombs, Temple; Mrs. Ward, Barrie; Sister Harding, Hamilton I.; Sister Brathwaite, Lippincott.

Pacific Province.
50 Hustlers.

Brother Preston, Spokane	425
Cand. Braatz, Spokane	265
Mrs. Wilkins, Butte	250
Capt. West, Vancouver	241
Sister Scadden, Everett	210
Capt. Papstein, Nelson	190
Sister Wright, Bellingham	185
Sister Darts, Missoula	180
Adj. Dean, Nelson	170
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Helena	175
Capt. Allan, Billings	160
Mrs. Capt. Baynton, Westminster	148
Capt. Lewis, Westminster	125
Sister Shute, Helena	121
Nellie Wilkins, Butte	115
Staff-Capt. Goodwin, Vancouver	110
Capt. Quant, Missoula	105
Sergt. Errington, Vancouver	105
Sergt. Moody, Vancouver	105
Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls	100
90 and Over.—Capt. Burton, Adj. Stevens, Lewiston.	
60 and Over.—Ensign Wilkins, Butte.	
50 and Over.—Mrs. Allan, Billings; Sergt. McCausland, Spokane; Adj. Nelson, Bro. Britt, Rossland; Mrs. Hawkins, Ensign Dowell, Great Falls.	
40 and Over.—Bro. March, Everett; Bro. Calvin, Whatcom; Bro. Kesler, Everett; Bro. Dean, Bro. Krogness, Bro. Oscar, Bro. Buckner, Spokane; Mrs. Nelson, Rossland; Mrs. Holeton, Mrs. Winchworth, Whatcom.	
30 and Over.—Lieut. Rushnell, Spokane; Sister Harris, Lewiston; Mike, Holeton, Bellingham.	
20 and Over.—Capt. Baynton, Sister Roseberry, New Westminster; Sister Peters, Spokane. Sister Wolf, Sister Coen, Spokane; Sister Miles, Brother Linstead, Missoula; Sergt. Cowling, Sister Pogus, Nelson.	

Klondike.
2 Hustlers.

50 and Over.—Capt. Andrews, Capt. Pease, Dawson City.

Our Medical Column.

DISEASES OF THE EYE.

In order to understand the affections of the eye, even the most frequent and simple ones, it is necessary to have some knowledge of the general structure and functions of the organ. While it will be impossible to convey in words any accurate idea of the intricate and delicate structures contained in the eye, yet the general plan and principle of its formation is extremely simple and interesting.

Everyone who has even a slight acquaintance with the eye a photographer uses, called the camera, can appreciate at once the structure of the eye. The human eye, is, indeed, arranged upon precisely the same principle as the photographer's camera, as will be evident upon slight comparison.

The photographic camera consists of a box blackened on the inside, to which light is admitted only through an opening in the front; this opening is filled by a piece of curved glass, technically called a double convex lens. At the side of the box opposite to the lens is a frame made to carry a plate of glass. This plate, or glass, is placed with a layer of material—usually a compound of silver in gelatine—which is sensitive to light, that is, whenever light falls upon the glass plate this material undergoes a chemical change. In taking a picture the object is placed in front of the box in such a position that the rays of light emanating from this object are focussed by means of the lens—that is, brought together so as to make a picture on the plate. In consequence of the sensitive nature of the gelatine upon the plate to the action of light, this picture is recorded upon the plate, making a photograph.

The same principles apply to the formation of the picture in the human eye. The eye is a spherical box, or camera, blackened on the inside and closed on all sides except the front, where a circular opening exists. Right at this opening is a double convex lens, like that of the photographer's camera, and at the back of the eye is a sensitive plate, a layer of nerve tissue, called the retina, which is susceptible to the action of light, just like the gelatine of the photographer's plate. The rays of light coming from an object in front of the eye are focussed by means of the lens, so as to make a picture on the sensitive plate—the retina—at the back of the eye.

This picture excites the nervous centre of the brain, so that the individual is conscious of the image on the retina.

The essential parts of the eye—those absolutely necessary to the perception of an object—are, therefore, the lens and the retina. If either of these be damaged so as not to be able to perform its proper functions, there can be no perception of objects by the eye. Yet while these constitute the foundation of the eye, so to speak, there are various other parts of the organ which are essential to perfect vision as it exists in the healthy eye.

We can understand these parts by referring again to the photographer's camera. He employs lens of different power, according to the distance of the object which he wishes to picture upon his plate. If this object be situated close to his camera the photographer must have a stronger lens, that is, one with considerable curvature of the surface. This is necessary in order that the picture shall be accurately focussed upon the plate at the back of the box. If the object be, on the other hand, situated at a distance, such as an extensive landscape, the photographer uses a weaker lens, that is, one which is not so curved.

Just so there must be a difference in the curvature of the human eye at different times, for when we read small print, for instance, or examine objects close to the eye, the rays of light must be strongly focussed in order to make a perfect picture on the retina; and when we look at distant objects the rays of light must be less strongly focussed—that is, the lens must be flatter. Now, it is impossible to arrange for the difference in the eye as done in the photographer's

camera, for in the latter case a stronger or weaker lens is put into the opening of the box as the occasion requires, several being kept on hand and changed as result is produced as if the eye were provided with only one lens, but by a most delicate arrangement this lens can be made to change its shape. It becomes curved or flattened according as the individual looks at near or distant objects. Thus the same result is produced as if the eye were provided with several lenses of different curvatures—that is, the object, whether near or far, is focussed so as to produce a perfect picture on the retina.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, of any race or nationality. Address: Commissioner Thomas R. Coombe, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents charged for each letter sent to secure success. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one cent is made. The amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4683. HOLLOWAY, SYDNEY. 20 years of age, height 5ft. 6in., fair complexion, blue eyes, dark hair, slight dip in the top of his head. Butcher by trade. When he left England, on September 29th, he was wearing a dark brown suit, with fufey waistcoat; is supposed to have come to Canada.

4702. WRIGHT, PETER RUTHERFORD. Age 24 years, height 5ft. 9 or 10in., weight about 160 lbs., dark eyes, dark brown hair. Enlisted in the 3rd "R. C. R." Halifax, 1901. Regiment number 1308.

4703. McNALLY, JOHN. Any information of John McNally, or his family, would be gratefully received by his friends. McNally was a wagon-maker by trade. He has a brother Edward. Wife's name was Charlotte. Was last heard from fifteen years ago. May be living in or near Owen Sound.

4704. TEMPLE, WILLIAM. Age 33, height 5ft. 1in., dark hair and complexion, brown eyes, engineer by trade. Left England two and a-half years ago. When last heard from was at Rothwell, Man., working on a farm.

4707. ARBUTHNOT FAMILY. Information wanted of Samuel, Alexander, John, and Albert Arbuthnot, who came from England to Toronto between 1865 and 1870. Supposed to be all farmers.

4677. PETERSON, ANTONIUS FREDERIK CHRISTIAN. Age 22, medium height, red hair, blue eyes; laborer. Native of Birkwre, Denmark. Last heard from at Morse, Assa. Spoke of going to British Columbia.

4643. HILL, JOHN. Information wanted of John Hill, Englishman by birth, and is supposed to be living in Toronto.

4709. LOISEAU, REBECCA (nee Large). Age 33, rather small, dark hair and complexion, dark eyes. Formerly laundry maid. Her address twelve months ago was Montreal P.Q.



4711. TRESTON, HARRY. Age about 49 years, height 5ft. 8in., light hair, grey eyes. Usually works on fruit farm or stock ranches. Left Toronto for Mission Junction, B.C., seven or eight years ago. Brother very anxious.

(Second Insertion.)

4700. THOMAS, MARY. Native of Dowdals, Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales. Came to Toronto in 1872, c/o Miss Rye. Is supposed to be married and living in Toronto at the present time. Husband's name unknown. Kindly write to the above address.

4701. DOHERTY, JAMES. Age 28 years, height 5ft. 10in., dark hair and complexion. Last known to be at Mount Brigid, Ontario. Any information thankfully received.

4694. O'BRIEN, WILLIAM. Barber by trade. Left Pembroke, Ont., nine years ago. Height 5ft. 7in., fair hair. (English and American Crys please copy.)

4695. OGLVIE, PERCY (or Osborn). Aged 22. Left England on Nov. 9th, 1903. Was at one time in the Grenadier Guards. Intended joining the N.W. Mounted Police. Was last known to be in Montreal.

4697. RIDDER, WILLIAM. Englishman by birth; last heard from at Cranbrook during the past summer. Any information thankfully received.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION
DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

To Our
Bandsmen

For some time we have received inquiries concerning making a cheaper line of Band Tunics than the

first-class makes we have always made up. In order to meet this demand in some measure, we are taking advantage of the slack month to give our Bandsmen a good article at a cheap cost. Remember, this is not shoddy, nor factory made. At the same time, we advise our Bandsmen to strain a point and secure the better article, if possible, as the wear of the red serge is so much more satisfactory, and the better garment is finished with Silk Sewing, Mohair Braid, etc., making a very fine garment in every respect. Those who compare our prices with England, or other places, should remember the difference in the material and make-up of the goods. We know whereof we speak when we state that for workmanship and material our prices cannot be beat—at least WHERE UNION WAGES ARE PAID, which is a principle with us, and our concern is well-

known to the labor organizations as being thorough in this respect.

A SILVER-PLATED CORNET

Is an article desired by most cornet players. Knowing this, we have been endeavoring to get a First-Class Article of the Army Make at a reasonable cost. We consider we have succeeded when we can quote these at the following prices:

Besson Model, Silverplated \$35.00
Courtois Model 40.00

As we have to get these instruments from England, orders should be sent in good time.

PHOTOS AND PICTORIAL POST
CARDS

Of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are to hand, which many old friends will be glad to learn. As we have only a limited quantity orders should be sent in at once.

Photos, Cabinet Size 25c.
Photos, Large Size, of Family 50c.
Post Cards 2 for 5c.

Trade Secretary,
S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.



Original Songs.

A HOME FOR YOU.

Tune.—Far From the Narrow Scene of Night.

- 1 There is an everlasting clime
Beyond our earthly view,
Where angels dwell in raptured joy;
That home, dear friend, for you.

Oh, will you come, by faith, to Christ,
Who shed His precious blood,
And get your sins now washed away
Beneath the crimson flood.

For Jesus died upon the cross,
And conquered death and sin,
And opened wide those pearly gates
That all might enter in.

Oh, tread no longer, sinner-friend,
In sin and death's dark way,
But now accept' your Saviour-King,
And serve Him, come what may.

WHY LONGER STAY?

Tune.—Stella.

- 2 O guilty sinner, drifting down
To endless ruin and misery,
Oh, turn your back on sin and shame,
And to the cross for refuge flee;
And at the throne of mercy bow.
And Christ will save you, save you now.

Why longer in sin's bondage stay,
When Jesus yearns to set you free?
Upon the cross He shed His blood,
Poor, guilty soul, it was for thee;
Now to the arms of mercy fly,
Oh, will you not prepare to die?

You're passing down the stream of time,
And at God's bar you soon must stand;
You're drifting, drifting with the tide,
Your hope is but a rope of sand;
Soon you must die and pass away,
Oh, will you not be saved to-day?

Oh, will you heed the gracious call,
The call you've often heard before;
Oh, will you not prepare your heart
While Jesus stands outside the door?
Tread to Him now your heart of sin,
And let the King of Glory in.

S. French, Capt.

GO FORTH TO SAVE THE LOST.

Tune.—British Grenadiers.

- 3 The Saviour gave the order,
"Go forth to save the lost,"
And He has a recorder
Of all His faithful host.
"Go quickly out into the streets,
And to the city's lanes
To bring in all the poor and blind;
Oh, never spare your pains."

(Repeat last four lines for chorus.)

His pure and good example
Has shown us what to do;
We would fulfil His callings,
And to our trust be true.
The royal feast is so immense
The city's crowded throng
Is not enough to fill Thy house,
And praise Thy name in song.

He gave a sacred order:
"Into the highways go,
And out among the hedges
Of hills and valleys low;
Compel the sinners to come in,
And fill up to the door,
And draw them from the pit of sin,
For still there's room for more.

"Those proud and foolish sinners,
Who scorned My gracious call,
And would not come to supper,
Shall never come at all.
Although I spread a royal feast,
And sent to bid them come,
Shall yet not of My supper taste,
But meet a fearful doom."

C. C. G. Toronto.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Congress (N.B.B. 28); Give Me a Heart (N.B.B. 32).

- 4 Oh, joyful sound of Gospel grace!
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see His face;
I shall be holy here.

Chorus.

Give me a heart like Thine,
Give me a heart like Thine,
By Thy wonderful power,
And Thy grace every hour,
Give me a heart like Thine.

This heart shall be His constant home;
I hear His Spirit's cry:
"Surely," He saith, "I quickly come";
He saith, who cannot lie.

He visits now this heart of mine,
He shakes His future home;
Oh, wouldst Thou, Lord, on this glad day,
Into Thy temple come!

With me I know, I feel, Thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless Thou plantest in my heart
A constant Paradise.

VISIT THIS SOUL OF MINE.

Tunes.—Rousseau (N.B.B. 89); Wells (N.B.B. 91).

- 5 Oh, disclose Thy lovely face!
Quicken all my slumbering powers;
Gasp my fainting soul for grace,
As a thirsty land for showers.
Haste, my Lord, no more delay;
Come, my Saviour, come away!

Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee!
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;
Till Thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiance divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).

- 6 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Chorus.

We're marching through Emmanuel's ground,
And soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What, never part again?
No, never part again!
And then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
That heavenly land from ours.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And 'fear, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

HAPPY DAY.

Tunes.—Oh, Happy Day (N.B.B. 11); Monmouth (N.B.B. 9).

- 7 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Chorus.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

Oh, happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful praises fill His house,
While to His blessed throne I move.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;

He drew me, and I followed on.
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

High Heaven that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

THE GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

Tunes.—The Glorious Fountain (N.B.B. 61); Evan (N.B.B. 31).

- 8 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from my Saviour's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, glorious fountain! Open for me,
Oh, glorious fountain! Open now for me.

Thy dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there have I thought, vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Ere since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

COMING EVENTS.

COMMISSIONER COOMBS,

ASSISTED BY

COLONEL JACOBS,
THE CHIEF SECRETARY,

Will visit the following places:

NEWMARKET,	Monday, Jan. 30.
DOVERCOURT,	Thursday, Feb. 2.
KINGSTON,	Sunday, Feb. 5.
RICHMOND STREET,	Sunday, Feb. 12.
TEMPLE,	Monday, Feb. 13.
(Commissioning of Cadets).	

BIOSCOPE TOUR.

Moving Pictures of the Great International Congress will be presented by Adjt. Wakefield, assisted by Capt. Parker, as follows:

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Monday, January 30 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Jan. 25, 29); Soo, Mich., Tues., Jan. 31; Sturgeon Falls, Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 2, 3; North Bay, Mon., Feb. 4 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 4, 5); Burke's Falls, Tues., Feb. 7; Huntsville, Wed., Feb. 8; Bracebridge, Thurs., Feb. 9; Gravenhurst, Fri., Feb. 10; Midland, Mon., Feb. 13 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 11, 12); Orillia, Tues., Feb. 14; Barrie, Wed., Feb. 15; Collingwood, Thurs., Feb. 16; Meaford, Fri., Feb. 17; Owen Sound, Mon., Feb. 20 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., Feb. 18, 19); Wiarton, Tues., Feb. 21; Palmerston, Wed., Feb. 22; Listowel, Thurs., Feb. 23; Wingham, Fri., Feb. 24.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Blose.—Sudbury, Jan. 28, 29, 30; Sturgeon Falls, Jan. 31; North Bay, Feb. 1; Sundridge, Feb. 2; Bracebridge, Feb. 3; Parry Sound, Feb. 4, 5, 6; Huntsville, Feb. 7; Gravenhurst, Feb. 8; Midland, Feb. 9; Lindsay, Feb. 10; Frelton Falls, Feb. 11, 12; Kinmount, Feb. 14; Norland, Feb. 15; Haliburton, Feb. 16; Omamee, Feb. 17; Bowmanville, Feb. 18, 19, 20; Oshawa, Feb. 21; Hamilton I., Feb. 22; Hamilton II., Feb. 23; Dundas, Feb. 24; St. Catharines, Feb. 25, 26, 27; Oakville, Feb. 28; Aurora, March 2, 3; Newmarket, March 4, 5, 6; Barrie, March 7; Stroud, March 8; Temple, March 9; Yorkville, Feb. 23, 24; Riverside, March 11, 12, 13; Lippincott, March 14; Esther St., March 15; Lisgar, March 16; Dovercourt, March 17, 18, 19.

Ensign Peole.—Seaford, Jan. 23, 25; Goderich, Jan. 30, 31; Clinton, Feb. 1; Wingham, Feb. 2; Listowel, Feb. 3; Palmerston, Feb. 4, 5, 6; Drayton, Feb. 7, 8; Guelph, Feb. 9, 10, 11, 12; Hespeler, Feb. 13, 14; Galt, Feb. 15, 16; Brantford, Feb. 17, 18; Paris, Feb. 19, 20; Tillsonburg, Feb. 21, 22; Simcoe, Feb. 23, 24; Norwich, Feb. 25, 26; Woodstock, Feb. 27, 28; Ingersoll, March 1, 2; London, March 3, 4.

Ensign Edwards.—Pembroke, Jan. 28, 29, 30, 31; Tweed, Jan. 31, Feb. 2; Peterboro, Feb. 3, 4; Campbellford, Feb. 6, 7; Millbrook, Feb. 8, 9; Nanvers, Feb. 10.

Ensign Leadley.—Amherst, Jan. 28, 29; Sackville, Jan. 30; Moncton, Jan. 31; Sussex, Feb. 1; Hillsboro, Feb. 2; Campbellton, Feb. 4, 5; Newcastle, Feb. 6; Chatham, Feb. 7.